The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1890.

The Week.

THERE never was a more striking illustration of Philip drunk and Philip sober than is afforded by contrasting Mr. Reed's position now with his position ten years ago:

PHILIP SOBER.	PHILIP DRUNK.
If it was my purpose to reply to the gentleman who has just taken his seat, it seems to me that it would be a suitable and proper reply to say to him that the constitutional idea of a quorum is not the presence of a majority of the members of the House, but a majority of the members present and participating in the business of the House. It is not the visible presence of members, but their judgments and their votes, that the Constitution calls for.—*Thomas B. Reed, January 30, 1880.*	The clerk announces the members voting in the affirmative as 161 and 2 who voted in the negative. The Chair thereupon, having seen the members present, having heard their names called in their presence, directed the call to be repeated, and, gentlemen not answering when thus called, the Chair directed a record of their names to be made, showing the fact of their presence, as bearing upon the question which has been raised, namely, whether there is a quorum of this House present to do business or not, according to the Constitution of the United States.—*Thomas B. Reed, January 29, 1890.*

Speaker Reed's performances are quite as novel as the manner of robbing the Sixth National Bank, so that it is difficult to form an opinion as to the course the Democrats should follow. There has been nothing quite like them in parliamentary annals. There have been cases of great tyranny on the part of majorities, and there have been cases of occasional unfairness in rulings on points of order on the part of Speakers, and there has been a case where a Speaker was held down in his chair to prevent his abandoning his post before a motion was put; but there never before has been a case where a persistent refusal of the majority to adopt rules of procedure was followed by the assumption on the part of the Speaker of complete control of the procedure without regard to rules, and by the daily display of contempt for the minority and disregard even of their customary parliamentary rights. Consequently the Democrats have no precedents to guide them, and are placed in a position of some difficulty. To leave the House in a body, as has been proposed, would be a clear abandonment of their duty to their constituents. They are as much bound to stand their ground and oppose the present course of the Speaker and the majority, day in and day out, as they are to participate in orderly legislation. But what kind of opposition? Well, every kind short of violence. They are bound to obstruct by all peaceable means the transaction of business until rules are adopted, and protest against the Speaker's conduct, persistently and vociferously, whenever the occasion arises. In short, everything should be done to make outrages of this sort in parliamentary government slow and difficult in their operation, and at the same time clear and comprehensible to the country. We are, with hardly a doubt, witnessing the death-throes of the Republican party, and the Democrats must make the scene as hideous and uncomfortable as the death of a hardened old sinner ought to be.

The last Republican Speaker before Mr. Reed was chosen in December, 1881. In November, 1882, a new House of Representatives was elected. The *Tribune Almanac* for 1883 thus stated the membership of this new House: Democrats, 191; Republicans, 119; other parties, 13. The incident lends point to these remarks by that independent Republican journal, the Philadelphia *Ledger:* "Mr. Reed thinks he has won a great victory over the Democrats. Well, let us wait and see. An appeal lies to a higher court, whose decision may oust Mr. Reed from the Speaker's chair at the end of the present Congress."

The Republicans finally rallied a quorum of their own members on Monday, and utilized it to seat a Republican who contested the seat of a Democrat from West Virginia. The procedure appears to have been abundantly justified by the facts, the Democrat's claim to an exceedingly narrow plurality resting upon the Governor's interpretation of the letters "twe" in a clerk's return as twelve instead of two, which the evidence showed that they stood for. It is reported that there is so much dissatisfaction on the Republican side against going along indefinitely under the "one-man-power" system which Mr. Reed has established, that the Committee on Rules will soon make their report and allow the House to "determine the rules of its proceedings," as it ought to have done the first thing after it met last December. Mr. Carlisle has made an exceedingly strong presentation of the Democratic position, in demanding the adoption of rules as the essential preliminary to the transaction of any business in the Fifty-first Congress, as in every one of its fifty predecessors.

Mr. Wilson of West Virginia made on the same day a powerful speech upon the anomalous state of things in the House, and brought out very clearly one point which has not yet been much thought about—the bearing of "the one-man-power" system upon the question of the lobby. "In this new era [acting under general parliamentary law]," he said, "the lobbyist would be a power in legislation. He [the lobbyist] would not be obliged to go around and give checks to individual members. What had members to do with legislation? The Speaker passed the bills; the Speaker approved the journal. The lobbyist would have to come here, not to bother with members, but to 'see' the Speaker as a much more effective and cheaper way of lobbying." The truth is, that there never has been seen under representative institutions a display of such power as Thomas B. Reed would enjoy if things went on through his term as for the past few days. It is a power which ought not to be wielded even by a George Washington.

The "Bill to Promote Mendicancy" was on Monday made the regular order in the Senate. Four years ago it passed the upper branch of Congress by a vote of three to one. Two years ago it secured but ten majority, so that a change of five votes would have prevented its passage. This time it ought to fall far short of a majority. The country will hail such a result almost without a dissenting voice; the representative organs of public opinion, both North and South, being now next to unanimous in declaring their opposition, and urging the Senate to reject the scheme. "Nobody Wants It" is the title of an editorial article in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, which rejoices over the fact that "there is every probability that it will be defeated as it should be. There has, indeed," it says, "seldom been an instance where public opinion suffered or experienced a change so considerable, and where the people spoke so emphatically against any measure before Congress." In the same tone, the Keokuk *Gate City*, a leading Republican journal of Iowa, says that "it would be a Pandora gift to the South, both whites and blacks," and that "it has already done much harm and hindrance to the cause of public education in the Southern States by making the people think that Congress was going to take the work, and duty, and expense off the people." The *Gate City* declares that "the people of Iowa and Illinois can scarcely be expected to foot the bill for the public-school work that is to be done in the South," and adds that "they may make it unpleasant if any of their Congressmen or Senators should vote to have them do it."

The plan proposed by the silverites in Congress—it has not yet been introduced, but there is no doubt that it will be offered as a substitute for the Windom bill—contemplates the withdrawal and cancellation of all outstanding gold certificates and silver certificates as fast as the Government can get hold of them, and the issue thereafter of "coin certificates" only. This is one of Senator Beck's odd fancies. It has been introduced by him several times. The object of it is to abolish the distinction between gold and silver, so far as the law can accomplish this purpose, but, singularly enough, the distinction reappears in another part of the same bill, where it is provided that "coin certificates" may be issued on silver bullion "when the *market price* of such silver bullion is not less than 99 cents for 412½ grains." Of course, this means market price in gold, and thus the distinction between gold and silver which it is sought to repudiate and extinguish, comes in again, like the bottle imp which the wicked ma-

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gician never could bury so deep or throw so far that it would not come back to him. But what would be the working of the measure if it should pass? Holders of gold certificates would draw the gold at their leisure—they need not be in any hurry about it—and when they wanted to make a fresh deposit of gold, they would put it in a bank instead of in the Treasury vaults. The banks will furnish ample facilities for receiving it and paying it out on checks. For their own purposes the banks will use clearing-house certificates instead of Treasury certificates, and business will go on as before. The "coin certificates" will all be silver certificates. The bill proposes to make the coin certificates legal tender. This would be a measure not covered by any Supreme Court decision yet pronounced. What the Court has decided is, that the Government may make its own debt legal tender. The certificate is a warehouse receipt, not a debt. There is a plain distinction between it and the greenback. Perhaps the Court would hold that the warehouse receipt might be made legal tender also, but perhaps not.

In one of the saddest leading articles that ever appeared in a newspaper, the *Times* of Tuesday came to the conclusion that the World's Fair project is dead. So deeply was the editor affected by the disastrous ending of a campaign in which he had been so vociferous a leader, that in passing final judgment his usual calm judicial equipoise failed him. He says in his opening paragraph that the project has been "killed by the poison of politics administered by the New York Senate at the command of Thomas C. Platt," and then, in a most illogical manner, goes on to say that the legislation which the poison killed would of itself have killed the Fair if the poison had not been administered. The passage in which this complicated view of the situation is taken is so comprehensive a confession of the blundering policy of the entire campaign that we give it in full:

"But the opposition to this legislation on other grounds than those afforded by politics might have proved fatal to its purpose. The owners of property whose interests were affected, through the counsel who appeared at the Committee hearings in Albany, avowed their intention of contesting its validity in the courts and fighting the issues which they raised to the tribunal of last resort. Considering the facilities for causing delays in such a litigation as was threatened, and the uncertainty of a prompt decision by the courts, it would hardly have been possible to proceed with the necessary expedition under the proposed law. There could have been no assurance until the contest was decided that the proposed financial aid of the city could be relied on. It would not have been practicable to issue the bonds, for if the authorities were not prevented by injunction from taking action, bonds could not be sold when their validity was open to question. The combined opposition of Republican politicians and self-interested property-owners has doubtless killed the plan of legislation under which it was proposed to operate. Does this mean that the whole project is dead? We are very much afraid that it means just that. It does unless a new departure can be taken upon other lines."

There is scarcely a statement in that confession which was not as apparent six months ago as it is to-day. The "whole project is dead," because the lines upon which it has been pushed since its inception in July last were foredoomed to failure.

Senator Saxton has made an extraordinary confession in regard to his course on the $10,000,000 Fair Bill. The bill appeared in the Senate on Friday, January 24. An effort was made to rush it through both houses on that day, but was not successful. It was passed by the Assembly on the following Monday. On the next day a public hearing upon it was held by the Special Committee of the Senate. The bill was by that time lying in printed form upon the desks of all members, including Mr. Saxton's. At Tuesday's hearing, Mr. James C. Carter's unanswerable argument against it was presented, and was also distributed in pamphlet form among the members. On Wednesday the bill came up for passage in the Senate. Mr. Saxton was present and had a copy of the bill, for he made an amendment changing its phraseology in a comparatively unimportant particular. He also heard the manly speech of Senator O'Connor against it. Yet he voted for its final passage. He now confesses that he examined the bill for the first time carefully on Saturday, and is frank to say of it: "A more outrageous one I never read," and to confess: "I am ashamed that I did not join Senator O'Connor and vote against the bill."

It was evident at a glance that the drafters of the Fair Bill relied for escape from the Constitutional "snag" in concealing the real nature of the measure. It will surprise many of our readers who have had no opportunity of seeing the bill, and who probably think that it is filled with provisions for the holding of a World's Fair here in 1892, that there is only one mention in it of any such scheme, and that an incidental mention. The title is, "An Act to Provide for Exhibitions of Arts, Sciences, Manufactures, and Products of the Soil, Mine, and Sea in the City of New York." There is not a word in it about Columbus or the discovery of America, or of a celebration of any kind in 1892, until we get to the twenty-eighth section, near the end, where it provides, *en passant* as it were, that the use or occupation of lands seized on under the act may be granted "to any corporation that may be incorporated by an Act of Congress for an international exposition." This is the sole allusion to the great "World's Fair." The rest of the bill provides for the seizure of lands for the purposes of a permanent fair-ground at the upper end of the island, for all sorts of exhibitions, under the control of a permanent commission. The object of this concealment is, of course, plain. It is to "get around the Constitution" by keeping out of sight the real nature of the bill. Mr. Carter, in his opinion, points this out, saying that the bill was "drawn with great skill and adroitness, and apparently with a view to obviate what were felt to be serious difficulties."

The complaint is heard in Boston that Senator Dawes goes frequently to the White House to hold long consultations with the President concerning the distribution of the Federal offices in Massachusetts, but that he is not bestirring himself at all to get a hearing from either the President or Congress for the demands which Republican manufacturers are making for free raw materials. What excuse he offers to the complaining manufacturers for his apparent indifference to their sufferings is not stated, but it may be similar to the one which his colleague, Senator Hoar, is credited with having made to one of the most persistent of them, who was assuring the Senator that unless he had free raw materials he could not continue his business. Mr. Hoar's reply is said to have been a confidential assurance that relief would come soon by means of reciprocity with Canada—in other words, that while the Republican party in Congress is ostentatiously shooing free trade away from the front door, it is slyly preparing to let it in by the back door.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Commercial Bulletin* tells us that "the Supreme Court has decided in favor of the legality of the act of March, 1839, by which the right to appeal to the courts was denied to importers." Not at all. The majority of the court said that the law of 1839 left to an importer an action of trover and of replevin, wherein the legality of a customs tax could be tested; but the McKinley bill cuts those away. The correspondent adds:

"The Republican Senators who framed the Senate Tariff Bill say that they took the opinion of many eminent jurists upon these points, and are satisfied that leaving the determination of facts to an executive board is within the Constitution. The right of trial by jury is so precious, however, to the American people that Congress may not care to take it away in these customs cases, even though convinced that they have the constitutional power."

Who were those "eminent jurists"? We wish we could see such an opinion in writing from even one of them.

The part borne by the Supreme Court in settling the Government of the United States has been made the subject of many learned tomes, and is as far from being exhausted as the greater subject of the development of constitutional government in England, which embraces our own institutions as well. No subject is more worthy of study, since it includes the larger part of the machinery by which society is kept in its proper orbit. The celebration this week of the Supreme Court's centennial will give a new impulse to this study, and supply a fresh stimulus to that undoubting faith in the permanence of our institutions which upheld us in the great struggle of a quarter of a century ago, and which now binds the uttermost parts of the republic together. As long as the Supreme Court retains the confidence of the people in its rectitude, its learning, its industry, and its courage, the country has a sheet anchor which even party rage—the most dangerous menace to free government—cannot dislodge. It is agreed upon all hands that the present court possesses this confidence as fully as any of its predecessors. The court over which Marshall presided, and which had more to do with hewing the Constitution into its present shape than all its successors, enjoyed a much smaller measure of confidence, not because

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it deserved less, but because the substructure of the Government was not yet hardened. It is the glory of Marshall and his associates that they made a strong foundation for those who should come after them. It is the glory of the present court that they have built upon this foundation with intelligence, firmness, and integrity commensurate with the noble ground plan supplied to them.

The operations by which the Sixth National Bank, one of the soundest institutions in the city, was partially gutted and closed, have come upon the community like thunder out of a clear sky, and every one is asking whether every bank in the United States is exposed to a similar peril, and, if not, why not. Here was an institution having deposits of $2,000,000, a large surplus fund, and a reputation of the very first class, (its stock selling at 400 in the market), suddenly extinguished by the simple process of a transfer of a majority interest in its shares. The shares of all banks are salable. Nobody is required by law to refuse a satisfactory offer for his property invested in such shares. Persons who have acquired a standing in the community by a long career of probity and prudence in business are under only moral obligations to preserve that a priceless possession. It is needless to say that the national-banking system lives only by virtue of the rigorous enforcement of the safeguards that have been thrown around it. These cover every kind of fraud that a bank officer can commit. The offence committed by Claassen looks like embezzlement, for which the law provides a penalty of not less than five years in the penitentiary. There are other provisions of law which appear to have been violated as soon as Claassen got his hands on the assets of the bank. One such provision is, that not more than one-tenth of the subscribed capital of a bank shall be loaned to any one person or firm. The capital of the Sixth National is $200,000. Yet Claassen made three loans of $60,000 each to himself, on very bad security. If the security had been good, the law would still have been violated. It appears further that Claassen had never been legally elected President of the bank, his acts being, therefore, entirely unauthorized, even if they had been proper in themselves. Here is a case, if there ever was one, for making an example of bank depredators, and we have no doubt that the enginery of the law will be put in swift operation.

The letters of Presidents Adams and Hughitt withdrawing their roads from the Inter-State Railway Association have an undertone of defence against the prevailing opinion of railroad men that the Union Pacific and the Northwestern, by their contract, violated both the letter and spirit of the inter-State agreement which both gentlemen exerted themselves to form. It is evident, also, under the conditions of withdrawal mentioned in the letters, that both roads expect the Association to be reorganized upon lines which will permit alliances between members. What the actual effect will be upon the railroads of the Association must be a matter of conjecture. The Northwestern has always been conservatively managed, and is not a rate-cutter. The danger is in the effect of these combinations and alliances upon the shorter lines. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul has no line west of Omaha. Theories of the rectitude of the Union Pacific-Northwestern contract will not restore to this road the proportion of traffic it is losing. It cannot be expected to bear this loss patiently for the general good. It will claim, rather, that the general good requires a surrender of a fair share of business to itself. Now, when all roads are doing a good business, the break-up and re-formation of the Inter-State Association is a matter of speculation only; but when traffic falls off later on, the roads outside the much-discussed contract may think that rate-cutting is the only salvation for them. It is a difficult problem for all concerned, and the contracting roads, by insisting on their agreement at whatever cost, and not even suspending the operation of it pending reorganization, have certainly not helped to clear the general situation.

A double-leaded editorial article upon "The Southern Problem" in the Topeka *Daily Capital* of last Wednesday holds out in its opening sentences the hope that this question has been taken in hand by a master. The editor commends Senator Ingalls's recent speech as a great one, but open to criticism in the fact that it failed to point out a remedy, and thus increases the reader's confidence that he has at last found the man who comprehends the necessities of the situation. This confidence grows when one reaches a sentence which begins with the words "The first step"—for here surely is something practical:

> "The first step towards legal and political justice to all men in the South is to recognize that the problem affects the constitutional rights of men all over the South regardless of color, and that the remedy can only come through the Republican party and national legislation. The time has come for the Republican Senators and Representatives to say to the South this MUST stop, and to follow their utterances with such legislation as will bring it about. Empty platform utterances do not meet the case. Double, treble, and quadruple the Federal courts if necessary, with powers to protect citizens against the outrages, legal and political, that have made Southern States Democratic monarchies for the past fifteen years."

But, after all, the reader is disappointed. It is easy enough to talk about such legislation as will stop the trouble, but what kind of legislation would that be? Would it be such legislation as the Kuklux Act and the Civil-Rights Act? The Republican judges of the Supreme Court declared those acts unconstitutional. Surely, the editor of the *Capital* would not have Republican Senators and Representatives waste time in passing laws only to have Republican judges annul them on the ground that they are not constitutional. What he should do is to formulate a bill which Mr. Justice Miller and the other Republican justices of the Supreme Court will not throw out because it interferes with "the autonomy reserved to the States under the Constitution," to which, by the way, the last Republican National Convention reaffirmed the party's "unswerving devotion."

An interesting illustration of the influence of the railroad in cultivating a distaste for farm life is furnished by a writer in the Concord *Monitor*. Coös County is the northernmost county of New Hampshire, lying almost entirely above the White Mountain range, and for the most part without direct communication with the outside world. The *Monitor* writer describes his observations of deserted farms in the southern part of the State, and emphasizes the absence of young men upon the farms, declaring that almost invariably the men who are working the farms are men of middle age and past that age to old men. But in Coös County, he says, the situation is different. Up there "vacant or deserted farms are hard to find. The young men are with their fathers on the farms, and take their places when they get through with this world and its cares and pass into that world where the fields are ever green; and when the home place is left, many of them build a log house or a small frame one, and make them a new farm out of the wilderness. Perhaps if they were nearer the large cities and manufacturing centres, they would do as the young men in the counties further down in the State do—leave the farms; but the fact remains that they stay on the farms and occupy their fathers' places, and that deserted or vacant farms are scarce in Coös County, while further down in the State, where the farms are nearer a market and advantages in many ways are greater, the boys leave the farms, and vacant farms are more or less plenty." It is thus one of the anomalies of the situation that the building of a railroad, instead of operating to improve the status of the farmer, tends to make him dissatisfied with his occupation, so that fewest deserted farms are found in that county of a State which has smallest railroad privileges.

The awful calamity that has come upon Secretary Tracy's family moves every one to ask what is to prevent a like calamity in any household in the land. Only a few can build fire-proof houses to live in. Hardly anybody ever does build such houses. On the contrary, the fashion is to build with the greatest amount of woodwork, and oil, and varnish, so that when the flames get hold of the structure they spread with the utmost rapidity. In this case it appears that the house servants, or some of them, were about their work while the fire was licking up the polished wainscotting of the parlor and stairway, all unmindful of what was going on, and that when they perceived the fire it was too late to save the lives of those who were still sleeping. Slow-burning construction has been applied to factories without much addition to their cost. Ought not this calamity to teach the guild of architects how to apply slow-burning construction to private houses? If it does not have that effect, it will be a costly lesson that brings no return.

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"THE VERY BRINK OF A VOLCANO."

In the closing days of the Forty-third Congress, the radical wing of the Republican party, under the lead of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, sought to push through the Force Bill, a measure designed to enable a Republican administration of the Executive Department to secure the return of a Republican Congress by Federal interference with elections in the South. The Republicans had a large majority in the House, but a number of their members—including such men as Eugene Hale of Maine, Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, William Walter Phelps of New Jersey, and Charles Foster of Ohio—did not sustain the Butler programme. The opponents of the Force Bill, following an unbroken line of precedents since the meeting of the First Congress, attempted to defeat its passage by refusing to vote when their names were called, although present in their seats, and thus preventing its friends from securing the votes of a quorum on their side when the roll was called.

On the 24th of February, 1875, the Butler wing became convinced that they could not secure a majority of the whole House, although it was evident that a majority of the whole House were present in the chamber, and they resolved to try a new experiment in parliamentary methods. On one question the vote stood, yeas 142, nays none, not voting 145—so that the roll showed the presence of less than a quorum, although everybody knew that there were many more than a quorum in the hall. "I call upon the Speaker," thereupon said Gen. Butler, "to declare the presence of a quorum, if he believes there is a quorum in the hall." James G. Blaine was then Speaker of the House, and he promptly replied: "The Chair cannot declare a quorum against a yea-and-nay vote," pointing out that "when the roll-call is resorted to, that is the last mode of certification, from which there is no appeal." Gen. Butler tried to argue the matter with the Speaker, insisting that the latter knew, by the evidence of his own eyes, that there was a quorum present; but Mr. Blaine could not be shaken from his position. "The gentleman," he answered, "sees the utter absurdity, if he will excuse the expression, of the Chair putting an opinion in against a record on the roll-call. He only knows there are 142 present."

Mr. Coburn of Indiana came to the support of Gen. Butler, and urged that, when a member was present, but did not answer to his name, another member might point out the fact of his presence and ask that his name be recorded, and that a record might thus be made that the member in question was present and not voting. We quote *verbatim* what followed (*Congressional Record*, Forty-third Congress, second session, vol. iii., part 3, page 1734):

"The Speaker—The Chair never heard of that being done. He begs to remind the House, whereas that might and doubtless would be true, that there is a quorum in the hall, the very principle enunciated by the gentleman from Indiana has been the foundation probably for the greatest legislative frauds ever committed. Where a quorum, in the judgment of the Chair, has been declared to be present in the House against the result of a roll-call, these proceedings in the different legislatures have brought scandal on their names.

"Mr. Coburn—It would be a record made by the House.

"The Speaker—*There can be no record like the call of the yeas and nays; and from that there is no appeal. The moment you clothe your Speaker with power to go behind your roll-call and assume that there is a quorum in the hall, why, gentlemen, you stand on the very brink of a volcano.*"

A similar question arose in the House of Representatives on January 29. That body now consists of 330 members, and 166 are required to constitute a quorum. The roll was called on a motion to take up an election case, and resulted in a total of 161 yeas and 2 nays—three short of a quorum. The point that no quorum had voted was immediately raised, but was overruled by the Speaker, who directed the Clerk to record as present and refusing to vote the names of a number of Democrats whom he had observed to be in their seats. This action was promptly and justly denounced by Representative Breckinridge of Kentucky as "revolutionary," and various other speakers on the Democratic side showed clearly that it was without a shadow of precedent in the hundred years during which there has been a Congress. The ruling of Speaker Blaine just cited was quoted. There was also quoted a speech by Gen. Garfield, who, when it was proposed, ten years ago, to allow the presence or absence of a quorum to be determined by "ocular demonstration," said: "The Chairman of the Committee of the Whole or the Speaker of the House is to see with his own eyes that there is a quorum present. Who is to control his seeing? How do we know but that he may see forty members more for his own purposes than there are here in the House? And what protection have gentlemen if the Speaker says he sees a quorum if he cannot convert that seeing into a list of names on the call of the roll by the clerk? I think my friend from Virginia will see that he lets in the one-man power in a far more dangerous way than ever has occurred before in any legislative assembly of which he and I have any knowledge. Sir, the moment you get over the line, the moment you cross the boundary of names, the moment you leap over the iron fence of the roll, that moment you are out in the vague, and all sorts of disorders may come in." Worst of all for the Speaker, there was quoted his own speech on this very point only ten years ago, sustaining the very principle which he now rejects, as having been recognized "since the foundation of the Government," and as one which must always be sustained in order to secure good government.

To oppose a century's unbroken array of precedents in the House of Representatives against him, Speaker Reed had only to present a ruling of "Dave" Hill when presiding over the New York Senate years ago, that he might order recorded the names of members present but not voting; and a similar decision by a Speaker of the Tennessee House. Of course, neither of these precedents had the slightest parliamentary bearing upon the proceedings of Congress, which acts under the Constitution of the United States, and not under the Constitution of New York or Tennessee; while from the moral standpoint nothing could be imagined more ridiculous than the idea of a Republican Speaker at Washington seeking support in a revolutionary position by quoting the authority of the "peanut politician" at Albany.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE HOUSE.

It is a mistake to suppose, if anybody does suppose, that the public look with indifference on the struggle now going on in the House of Representatives at Washington. Although everybody understands that it cannot last for ever, very few are unconcerned about it, and nearly everybody is trying to make out the merits and to divine the motives on either side. That the House ought to have rules is acknowledged on every hand. The clause of the Constitution which says that "*each* house may determine the rules of its proceedings," was inserted evidently not for the purpose of giving them authority to establish rules, but to negative the idea that both houses must have the same rules. Authority to establish rules is inherent in deliberative bodies because business cannot be carried on otherwise. All political and all religious conventions have rules which they adopt for their own guidance and government. Even the prize-ring, the race-course, and the cock-pit have rules, because nobody can know what he may do and what he is forbidden to do without them. The presiding officer of the deliberative body is the interpreter of its rules, subject to the superior judgment of the body itself, taken under an appeal from the decision of the chair; but rules are necessary to determine how and when an appeal may be taken. In the absence of rules, the will of the presiding officer stands in the place of rules, and this means that it stands in the place of legislation. If the Speaker can declare that a quorum is present when the roll-call shows the contrary, he can declare that a bill is passed when the roll-call shows the contrary.

To what must we attribute the present turmoil in the House of Representatives? First, of course, to the absence of rules. But why have there been no rules? We will presume, until a better explanation is offered, that the Speaker and his party wanted to decide certain contested elections before adopting rules, so that they might be reasonably sure of having a quorum on hand at all times without the presence of any Democrats. There have been occasions in the past when the House was more evenly divided between parties than it is now, and when party spirit was at higher tension than it is now, but it never occurred to anybody before to attempt to do business without rules. Probably nobody before Mr. Reed's time ever thought such a thing possible. But if anybody did so think, he must have thought also that the remedy to be invoked against a turbulent and obstructive minority was to put them in the wrong before the people, or let them put themselves there, and then take judgment against them at the next election. This is the American way, and the rational way, and the only practicable way to deal with a minority which behaves itself in a repre-

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hensible fashion. The minority must first be shown to be acting reprehensibly, and then the people may be trusted to take care of them.

Speaker Reed and his supporters have taken the opposite course. They have not given the minority any chance to put themselves in the wrong. We will suppose that the Democrats had it in their hearts to filibuster against the reports of the Committee on Elections, using the customary rules for this purpose, and that in order to prevent filibustering the rules have been kept back. It will not do for Mr. Reed and his backers to go before the people nine months hence and say that they feared there would be filibustering, and that filibustering is revolutionary. They must be able to show some act; and even if they could show it, it would be a fair argument to say that revolution is a disorder to be doctored by the people at the polls, and not by setting up an arbitrary power in the Speaker's chair unknown to any civilized country. But no such act can be shown to have taken place prior to the revolutionary acts of the Speaker himself. The Speaker's apprehensions cannot be accepted in lieu of the facts which might be relied upon to justify him.

And what are the grounds for his apprehensions? Two months have passed without any rules for the government of business in the House. During that time several bills have passed, one of which was extremely distasteful to the minority. Nothing more distasteful is likely to come before them than the McKinley Administrative Bill, which abolishes trial by jury in customs cases. Yet they showed no factious opposition to it, they resorted to no obstructive tactics. They tried to amend it, and they voted against it as a whole, but they did not filibuster against it. There is no reason to suppose that they would filibuster against the reports of the Committee on Elections. Neither party has ever done so in the past. Everybody knows that filibustering does not take place upon personal grounds, because the people would not sustain a party on such grounds. It takes place on such measures as a Union Pacific funding bill, or a subsidy bill, or a national-bank bill, or a land grant, or a measure of some kind that "has money in it," where a few members think that they can gain some éclat at home by making a tremendous battle against "Wall Street." Both parties have demagogues and strikers who are up to this kind of business. The filibustering in the last House was obviously not in the interest of the Democrats, because they were then the majority. They contributed their quota, but the Republicans contributed theirs also. There is no reason to suppose that filibustering in the present House would be on party lines, or that Mr. Reed fears that it would be.

Whatever his motives may be, he is doing enormous harm to free institutions by destroying the good understanding which enables free institutions to work. Parties carry on government by pulling and pushing against each other within certain prescribed limits. Beyond these limits they cannot go without involving themselves in a common ruin. They must not, for example, abolish the Supreme Court or impeach the President merely because the incumbents are distasteful to them. They must not attempt to legislate without rules, since that procedure substitutes the will of one man for the will of Congress. All such acts lead to chaos. Mr. Reed's acts have led to chaos already. They have produced a state of feeling which has not been known in the halls of legislation since slavery disappeared. The minority cannot be expected to succumb to the new and strange dispensation in the Speaker's chair. They must fight against it at all hazards and to the last extremity. The only safe outcome is the adoption of rules for the government of the House. This is a remedy which can be applied at any time. Then, if the Democrats adopt obstructive tactics, the people will know how to teach them good manners. So, too, will they know how to instruct Mr. Reed and his party if they persist in attempting to set up an unheard-of one-man power in the House of Representatives.

The unfavorable comments of the unmuzzled portion of the Republican press have drawn from Mr. Reed a sort of apology for his conduct, which he has seen fit to send out through the Associated Press instead of delivering it from the floor of the House, as he has the right to do, and as he ought to do. Such a proceeding on his part shows clearly that he is "rattled," and he well may be. What he has to say in defence of his conduct is embraced in two paragraphs, all the rest being in the nature of invective against the supposed wicked intentions of the Democrats. He says that Mr. Carlisle frequently put motions and declared them carried when less than a quorum of members voted—when, for instance, 80 members voted aye and 20 voted no. He might have added that motions are frequently carried and bills passed when nobody votes on either side. By parity of reasoning, therefore, the House might transact business when nobody but the Speaker was present, and to this complexion is Mr. Reed coming very rapidly. The passing of bills *nem. con.* is a method of legislation sanctioned by immemorial custom and by common sense. When nobody objects to a bill, everybody is understood to assent. When nobody raises the question of a quorum, everybody is understood to agree that a quorum is present. What everybody agrees to is the law parliamentary everywhere.

The other point made by Mr. Reed is that the House is acting under a body of rules that the American people use in all their assemblies. What are these rules? Is the following one of them?

> "When the *roll-call* discloses the absence of a quorum, the Chair cannot go outside of the record in deciding as to the presence of a quorum." (Smith's 'Manual,' page 364.)

A precedent of some note in the present controversy which has not been drawn into the debate is the one set by the Speaker of the House of Commons when Charles I. presented himself in that body with a file of soldiers to arrest five members. The members had received warning, and slipped out before Charles came. "Where are they?" demanded the angry King. "The Speaker has eyes to see and ears to hear only what the House, whose servant he is, shall decide," replied Speaker Lenthall. If Mr. Reed had been in the chair, would he have answered, "I saw them slip out of that door just before you came in"? If not, why not?

SMUGGLERS AND UNDERVALUERS.

WHY is it that the Republican party commits itself to legislative projects which exclude taxpayers from the courts, banish juries, and deprive New York importing merchants of rights held in this country for a century and in England for more than five centuries? What are the essential limitations of legislative and executive powers which the Republican leaders and the Harrison Administration endeavor to obliterate?

The reckless imposition of customs taxes by Congress since 1861 has worked results similar to those produced in England down to 1841. It has elevated smuggling and undervaluing into an industry and an art. Any history of English taxes and taxation and any history of English crime will tell what happened in that country during the era of protective taxes. During the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth century, defrauding the customs revenue became in England a national trait and pastime. A great smuggler was a civic hero. Adam Smith wrote of a smuggler and an undervaluer as "a person who, though no doubt highly blamable for violating the laws of his country, is frequently incapable of violating those of natural justice, and would have been in every respect an excellent citizen had not the laws of his country made that a crime which nature never meant to be so." Charles Lamb said, "A smuggler is the only honest thief." English courts upheld contracts to evade the customs laws of a foreign country as not illegal. But after Peel had well begun his great work of reducing taxes on imported goods, the crime of smuggling and undervaluing fell into comparative insignificance, and is now chiefly confined in England to tobacco.

The United States is going through a similar experience of attempting to stop, by severe penalties and punishments, of which the McKinley bill is a type, evasions of the customs revenue. The dodging of present customs taxes is not everywhere in our country considered immoral. Thorold Rogers, in one of his lectures delivered at Oxford in 1887-'8, said he had four times crossed the Atlantic, and "always met people of American descent who *reckon* that they will pay the price of their passage tickets by the difference at which they will buy clothes at Poole's in Savile Row, as compared with the price in Broadway." No customs law can be enforced when women and clergymen see nothing immoral in its evasion. What they do, importing merchants are not likely to consider very reprehensible. They will look on tariff taxes as on the horse-cars when crossing Broadway—as things to be

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avoided and evaded. The paying of money to a custom-house inspector by an arriving traveller is a State's prison offence, but who regards the law excepting slyly to disregard it?

When our customs taxes on a woman's gown costing in Paris $200 are $160, Mr. McKinley's proposed law to *simplify* the collection of that tax will be in vain when aimed at charming women—their husbands, brothers, friends, and admirers. Where is the protectionist who would hesitate, if a customs inspector were not in sight, to bring for a friend a dutiable seal-skin jacket or coat across the Canadian border, and thus evade or defraud our revenue? Would Mr. McKinley? Does not the fact that the beneficial effects of protective taxes have not yet generally received moral recognition or cognizance prove a great deal?

Taxes, to be collectible, must be equitable, and not inflicted only for the benefit of a class. Secretary Windom's screed against defrauders of the customs revenue reads like what was said in the days of mediæval England, and by sovereigns of the houses of Tudor and Stuart, and in the early days of the house of Hanover, before Peel and Gladstone put decency and good sense into the system of British taxation.

And now what is the answer to the second question asked at the beginning of this article? It can be seen in Blackstone, and in every accepted writer on the constitutional history of England since the days of Henry VII. We will quote from the early pages of Hallam, which describe the boundaries that determined the prerogative of the sovereign, the liberty of the people, and the rights of the taxpayer:

"The essential checks upon the royal authority were five in number: (1.) The King could levy no sort of new tax upon his people, except by the grant of his Parliament. (2.) The previous assent and authority of the same assembly were necessary for every new law, whether of a general or temporary nature. (3.) No man could be committed to prison but by a legal warrant specifying his offence, and, by an usage nearly tantamount to constitutional right, he must be speedily brought to trial by means of regular sessions of jail delivery. (4.) The fact of guilt or innocence on a *criminal* charge was determined in a public court, and in the county where the offence was alleged to have occurred, by a jury of twelve men, from whose unanimous verdict no appeal could be made. *Civil rights, so far as they depended on questions of fact, were subject to the same decision.* (5.) The officers and servants of the crown, violating the personal liberty or other right of the subject, *might be sued* in an action for damages to be assessed by a jury, or, in some cases, were liable to criminal process; *nor could they plead any warrant or command in their justification, not even the direct order of the King.*"

The first of these checks the Treasury has violated since Harrison came to power. The fourth and fifth Mr. McKinley, egged on by the Harrison Administration, proposes to overthrow in this country.

PRESERVATION OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

ALTHOUGH the æsthetic sense is the highest product of civilization, and less developed in the average man than even the moral sense, it has on occasion proved a victorious antagonist of even the utilitarian and business instinct. Were it not for the sentiment for the beautiful and sublime, Niagara Falls would have been utilized long ago for flour and saw-mills, and the geysers of the Yellowstone Park converted into Chinese laundries and steam factories. But perhaps in these cases a patriotic pride in having the biggest wonders in the world coöperated with the æsthetic sense in securing the desirable result of Government protection. An opportunity will soon be afforded for a fresh exercise of these sentiments. It is being gradually recognized that a mistake was made by Congress in 1864 when it reserved merely the Yosemite Valley and its immediate surroundings as a public park, and placed it under the protection of the State of California. Perhaps it would have been better had it remained national property, like the Yellowstone Park. But one thing is certain—the grant should have included a much larger territory. Those who have visited the Yosemite, and have had time to inspect not only the valley itself, with its precipitous surrounding peaks, but also the neighboring cañons, cliffs, and lakes, or who have read a description of them in Prof. Whitney's admirable manual (now unfortunately out of print), are aware that the Yosemite Valley is merely the grand climax of a series of cumulative natural wonders which make the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains the most romantic and sublime region in the world. It needs no argumentation that these neighboring wonders also should be reserved for all time as national property, for the benefit of the thousands who in future generations will spend their summers here in pursuit of health and pleasure.

At a meeting of the Yosemite Commissioners last June, it was suggested that the National Government should enlarge the Yosemite grant, making it include about fifty square miles instead of eight. Unless this is done, the lumber-men will ere long despoil these wonderful mountain-sides of their superb forests, as they have the shores of that gem of mountain lakes, Tahoe, for the purpose of supplying Carson City with fuel and Virginia City with planks for the mining shafts. It is expected that Senator Stanford will introduce a bill during the present session of Congress in accordance with the suggestion of the Yosemite Commissioners, and if this is done it should enlist the active support of the entire press of the country, for it must be borne in mind that the disappearance of forests in the vicinity of the Yosemite would cause the snow to melt much sooner, and thus dry up very early in the season the many waterfalls which are the chief glory of the valley.

The laudable action of the Yosemite Commissioners in urging an additional grant cannot, however, disguise the fact that the past management of the valley has been open to serious reproaches. The sensational attacks on the management printed last winter in a San Francisco newspaper were too obviously prejudiced and exaggerated to do any good. But the January number of the *Century* contains an editorial article and letters by Mr. R. U. Johnson, G. G. Mackenzie, and Lucius P. Deming, which give a startling picture of errors of commission and omission in the treatment of the valley. What takes the matter entirely out of the field of controversy, and shows that the allegations are bare facts, is the circumstance that Mr. Johnson is in possession of about a hundred photographs on which the sins committed in the valley are recorded indelibly. We have seen these photographs, and can testify from them and from personal observation last May that the strictures in the *Century* are not exaggerated or fanciful. Notwithstanding the Congressional enactment that "the premises shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation," a portion of the floor of the valley has been fenced in and the ground made to bear, instead of the beautiful flowers and grasses which naturally clothe it, hay for the horses of the transportation company, although it has been proved that the hay could have been more cheaply brought in on wagons. Horses and cattle have also been turned loose and allowed to trample down the wild azaleas and other flowers that constitute one of the special attractions of a trip to the Yosemite. Some of the finest trees have been needlessly destroyed, and Mr. Mackenzie writes that "there are places in the valley where one is forced to wonder why the axes themselves did not turn and smite the men who were putting them to such base uses." Mr. Johnson writes that "near the Yosemite Falls an unnecessary swath has been cut through the forest, to the sacrifice of some of the noblest oaks in the valley, the bolls of which lie where they were felled. The object of this is represented to have been to open a vista from the bar-room of Barnard's Hotel, to rival the natural view of the same fall from the Stoneman House."

Among the artificial attractions of the valley last spring were the carcass of a horse, and several huge piles of cans, one of them just behind the chapel, where all tourists pass on their way to Glacier Point. The State hotel was so badly constructed that it has been condemned as unsafe. One of its outhouses is a pigsty, which is sometimes so offensive that tourists are obliged to leave the piazza. The hotel is surrounded by a field of blackened stumps, and its location is as inconvenient as possible to all the chief sights, obviously to compel tourists to hire carriages or horses. The roads and bridges are laid on the principle of convenience, without reference to specially artistic view-points; nor are there any foot-paths or benches. It is said, however, that the poetic Governor who is at the head of the Commission, has suggested the introduction of horse-cars for the convenience of those who are too poor to hire horses; and an active member of the Board has threatened to cut down all the trees under thirty years old, because "underwood" is dangerous in case of fire; in reply to which it may be stated that dead logs and heaps of dry bushes, which are much more liable to spread a fire than green underbrush, are lying about everywhere. Some of the grossest nuisances in the valley will doubtless be remedied now that the venerable pioneer, Mr. Galen Clark,

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has been appointed guardian; but after all he is only an executive officer subject to the orders of the Commissioners. These Commissioners receive no salary, and meet only twice a year, and cannot be expected to give to the valley the attention it needs. It is therefore imperatively necessary that a salaried landscape expert be appointed to superintend the valley, and a provision for his salary should be included in the proposed new grant.

PARÁ, THE PORT OF THE AMAZON.

PARÁ, Brazil, December 23, 1889.

To the radical, positive-minded American, determined at any cost to have something definite, to know at least the altitude of his star of destiny, Brazilian politics must, it seems, continue inexplicable, guided by a spirit whose motions are to him incomprehensible. At a distance of 3,000 miles, some dimness was to be expected in our view of the situation. We were ready to infer many active plans of reorganization which despatches failed to reveal. We could not but hope that great things were rapidly evolving out of the old imperial system. We looked forward to witnessing the stir of a new-born era. But, landed here in Pará, the signs of change and reconstruction are yet more indistinct, as a dim picture examined with a lens loses even the form which appeared to the unaided eye.

The recent history which Brazil has been making for herself is a series of unaccountable acquiescences. An Emperor is deposed by a soldier in the name of the people. The Emperor bows, gives his benediction, and departs. There is no grand rallying of the populace following this event, no enthusiastic ratification meetings—merely a quiet acquiescence, accompanied with some surprised rubbing of the eyes. The work the Republicans had contemplated doing in some uncertain future was accomplished for them, and they smiled good-naturedly and accepted it. Next comes a decree from the Provisional Government declaring universal suffrage. This might be fraught with grave consequences if there were elections pending, but what matters it when there *are* no elections—none even called as yet? In almost any other portion of the globe there would have been need for the Government to show good cause for so arbitrary a proceeding. Here it only occasions a shrug of the shoulders, and all bide the next news from Rio.

A Provincial Governor, appointed by Gen. Deodora da Fonseca, is the ensuing act. Dr. Justo Leite Chermont, at one time Brazilian Consul at New York, introduces martial law in Pará, as the incumbent of honors from the President, seconded by a Vice-Governor, Dr. Paes de Cavalho, likewise of Presidential appointment. These are well-known, honorable, and trusted Paraenses, not eager for power; so martial law does not weigh heavily upon Pará. The Brazilians, drinking their café amid much animated political conversation, may seem on the eve of violent opposition; but political crises do not brew thus in Brazil. A smile passes around on the 14th of December when the Provisional Government declares all foreigners resident within the country on that date to be citizens of the new Republic. There is a secret joy over this, and the foreigners find no sympathy in their dilemma. It is a blow aimed at a class whom Brazilians—for a reason comprehensible in the United States—cannot view with composure. The Portuguese, coming in thousands, live and make money, and by and by return to their native land, having in no wise enriched Brazil, and having never assumed any of the duties and responsibilities of citizens. In the event of war this will at least render them subject to draft for the army. It remains to be seen whether the foreign governments may not have a word to say on this matter, if the case comes to an extremity.

All that has been done has been by dictatorial decree. Laws have been made, and suffrage has been extended to thousands, from whom, whether advantageous or ruinous, it can never be wrested. Brazil is setting hard problems for herself to solve in the years to come. Meanwhile steps have been taken for organizing a constitutional government. It is currently believed that the Constitution will be, not only similar to that of the United States, but an exact copy of it. This is a hasty conclusion of over-confident Republicans, showing ignorance of our institutions, and of the human soil which nurtured them. They imagine that the same loom will weave the same fabric out of Brazilian fibre; in short, they fail to recognize the fact that, however faithfully they may endeavor to approach to our system, the conditions of life and the social traditions in Brazil give birth to peculiar national needs, with full cognizance of which their Government, to be stable, must be designed.

As a case in point, one rumor, recently circulated, has startled many people here, and elicited some mutterings that savor of resistance. The Provisional Government, in its alteration of the old régime, has, it is said, taken under consideration the question of severing Church and State. Should this decree be issued, the northern provinces, Pará and Amazonas in particular, might prove wanting in allegiance to the new Republic. These provinces have long recognized their great importance as a revenue-producing territory for the central Government. Successive famines and derangement of the sugar market have practically ruined the trade of Ceará. Maranham, Pernambuco, and Bahia have tributary to them provinces of comparatively small extent, while Pará and Manaos are the depots for the products of the richest valley in the world, whose vast resources are accessible by not less than 50,000 miles of inland waterway. Being fed thus by the great valley of the Amazon, controlling the rubber market of the world, exporting large quantities of cocoa (cacáo), able to furnish a hundred articles of value, woods, nuts, and spices, medicinal plants, oils, and perfumes, these cities, standing representative of the two provinces of the Amazon, occupy a position entitling them to consideration and respect. Their importance is enhanced by the Brazilian system of deriving support for the Government solely from export and import duties, and from fees of two principal kinds. There is no taxation upon either real or personal property, but when a piece of real estate is sold, the purchaser is required to pay a fee to the Government of 5 per cent. on the selling price. All stores are obliged to obtain a license, for which a fee is exacted, the amount varying with the kind of trade. The duties are extremely heavy; that upon exports of rubber being 23 per cent. ad valorem, and that upon cocoa 14 per cent. The total exportation of rubber from the two Amazon ports, Pará and Manaos, amounts approximately to 15,000 tons annually, having a value in round numbers of $13,000,000, which alone would yield a revenue of $2,990,000. Of cocoa 6,000 tons are shipped annually to France, worth in the aggregate about $1,000,000, yielding $140,000 revenue. There are also exported 120,000 hectolitres of Brazil nuts (castanha), worth $500,000; 20 tons of copaiba oil, at 750 reis per pound, footing up $16,000; $15,000 worth of tonka beans, representing an exportation of fifteen tons, together with hides, isinglass (from the fish Gurijuba), farina, tapioca, piassaba (invaluable for stiff brushes and brooms), and many more, swelling the sum so that, in the absence of exact statistics, it may still be safely estimated that the tax upon exportations alone will exceed $4,000,000.

A still greater revenue is obtained from importations, so that these two provinces must send not far from $10,000,000 yearly to the public treasury at Rio de Janeiro. This from a population, exclusive of savage Indians, amounting to somewhat less than one and a half millions, is enough to give these provinces a value to the nation such as to cause them justly to feel entitled to consideration and respect, and to a voice in the Government that rules them. So it behooves the new rulers to see well to it that disaffection does not arise in Grão Pará and Amazonas. It is to be hoped that their best interests will not be opposed by insistence upon the increased tax on rubber, by which it is said the new Government has sought to subsidize a single company, and that a constitution will soon be in force binding the Brazils into a united people for the good of all.

There are immense possibilities attainable for Brazil if legislation be only directed with intelligence towards facilitating the development of her gifts of nature. In 1851 the value of the exports from Pará was $1,424,801. This is small beside the outward commerce of to-day, but a comparison of gross values alone is deceptive. The increase has been in rubber only. In every other case there has been a marked decrease. Cocoa in those days brought no more than three cents per pound in Pará, and yet 8,000 tons were sent across the seas. It is now worth over eight cents, and the shipments will not exceed 6,000 tons. There were then shipped 400 tons of sugar, 38 tons of sarsaparilla, 12,000 bushels of rice, 400,000 hides, 55,000 feet of lumber. To-day none of these articles appear on the bills of lading, save a paltry 30,000 hides. Rice is now brought from abroad to a country which can produce a quality as fine as that of our Carolinas; cattle are shipped to a province abounding in fertile pastures; lumber forms the cargo of ships from New York to a land possessing, scattered in lavish profusion over thousands of square miles of unbroken forests, sixty-seven varieties of the most valuable woods for structural purposes in the world. Something is radically wrong where such paradoxes exist. The answer lies not so far off as the explanation of Brazilian politics. Nature's prodigal efforts have been undone by restrictive tariffs, which have tied the hands that would have opened the resources of the Amazon to commerce. What was raised was taxed; what was bought was taxed; duty was levied upon the product of labor, and once more upon the payment for that product; so the world simply could not buy of the Brazilian, and the Brazilian had nothing with which to purchase from the world. Thus the industries that were kindling into life have been stifled; the cattle ranches have not prospered; cocoa plantations one by one have been abandoned to the encroaching forests, and the chief occupation in the interior has become the gathering of rubber, a wild business, adapted to the Indian and partaking very little of that spirit of true husbandry which, by creating estates and wealth, gives dignity and strength, and builds up a class of citizens fostering the arts and refinements of a progressive and cultured age.

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Pará, instead of 80,000, might as easily furnish homes and employment for 800,000 people. Awaking from her dull, half-slumber, she might attain the prosperity which her position favors. The city is built within the angle between the rivers Pará and Capim. Its cathedral towers above the red-tile roofs—a cathedral in name, but abandoned to the decay which speedily follows upon disuse. A fine architectural pile it is, however, and splendid buildings cluster around it and spread away to the south and east, with the domes and belfries of other churches rising above them, while the feathery tops of the palms wave over them all. Following the narrow streets, filled with men in cool garments of gleaming white, the northern eye is surprised at the sight of rows of buildings faced with glazed tile of delicate hues of blue and brown and pink. It gives an appearance of elegance, of sumptuousness even, which is heightened in the residence portion of the city, where these exquisite houses, product of the combined arts of potter and architect, peep from the luxuriance of tropical gardens, overhung by palms, and embellished by surrounding clusters of gorgeous bloom. The streets here are wide, and rows of splendid mangos (dense, heavy-foliaged trees) arch overhead, forming these mblance of a nave wherein a cathedral twilight reigns throughout the sunniest day. There is a singular charm about Pará. Its soft, balmy airs, laden with perfumes; its daily cleansing showers, quaint streets, and lovely vistas—all impress a newcomer with delight. But ever present is the dread thought of fever, the great bane of this favored spot. When at last there shall be done here what has been done in Calcutta, and a system of sanitary protection, sewerage, and quarantine, vigorous to the ultimate detail, be adopted, then will Pará be perhaps the most delightful city in the world.

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.

London, January 13, 1890.

Last year at the New Gallery a series of historical exhibitions was inaugurated by a show of Stuart pictures and relics, which was noticed at the time in your columns, and which proved one of the most popular ever held in London. This year the Tudor Exhibition which has succeeded it promises to be no less successful. This success is not to be wondered at, since both shows have appealed less to the artistic sense than to sentimental and historical interests, which Englishmen can best understand. That which insured the popularity of the Stuart experiment was not so much the no small number of really fine Vandykes and Lelys as the plentiful supply of bits of hair and shreds of raiment of the Stuart martyrs and rakes. For those who then visited the New Gallery principally to see these relics, the Tudor Exhibition provides a very similar assortment. The tooth of Katharine Parr, the tippet, stained with blood, which Anne Boleyn wore at her execution, the baby clothes Elizabeth made for Mary when the latter thought she was about to become a mother—these, and many other treasures of a like nature, will satisfy the expectations of the general public. But, on the other hand, the hitherto unparalleled collection of Holbein portraits and drawings would alone give artistic importance and distinction to any show, however trivial. It is but fair to add that, even without the portraits, this Tudor gathering would not be altogether trivial, since it also includes a fine display of arms and armor, of coins and medals, of MSS. and printed books. Still, the fact remains that the chief artistic interest of the show centres about the Holbeins.

Of course, the exhibited portraits begin before the Holbein period, with Henry VII., the first Tudor sovereign. But the small group which marks his reign is interesting (on the whole) historically rather than artistically. The pictures in this group which have also an art value are by Jan de Mabuse and one by Lucas van Leyden. But several attributed to the former artist were most probably never painted by him, or else have been all but ruined by ill-judged restoration; while it is difficult to understand why Van Leyden's "Card-Players," noteworthy as it is for its brilliant color, its attempt to deal with light, the expression and movement of its figures, should be included in a Tudor Exhibition. The finest Mabuse is a portrait of Henry VII., lent by Earl Brownlow, in which the color is unusually good; this and several others of the King show the same refined, sad, intelligent face, with long, thin nose and firmly-set mouth—such a contrast to the coarse, sensual, brutal head of Henry VIII. The others are notable almost entirely either for their subjects—as, for example, the pictures of Henry's mother, Margaret Beaufort, his Queen, Elizabeth of York, his sister, Mary Tudor, in which the conventionality of the early painters is but aggravated by the stiff female costume of the day (the diamond-shaped head-dress reducing all the faces, young and old, to one conventional type), and the portrait of Prince Arthur of Wales, wearing the badge of St. John the Baptist, by an unknown artist, the only one of the young prince in existence—or else they are interesting as historical or artistic curiosities, as in the case of the "Marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York," which belonged to the Strawberry Hill collection, and which Walpole explained to his own satisfaction, but not at all to that of modern critics, who declare it does not represent a marriage, and was not painted by Mabuse, as he asserted; or the picture of "Henry VII. and his family," with the royal sons and daughters (as on so many old fifteenth and sixteenth-century tombs) kneeling in two rows behind the King and Queen, while in the heavens above are St. George and the Dragon and allegory enough to suit those modern artists and art critics who would reduce all art to a system of symbolism; or the portrait of Sir Thomas Wyat in prison, with the cat whose love he won, according to the old story, bringing him a pigeon. But it is only with the next reign that the portraits begin to be valuable as works of art for all time.

Whatever may have been the faults of Henry VIII., he must at least be given due credit for having had the sense to appoint as court painter Holbein, whom he discovered when the artist was in this country visiting his first English patron, Sir Thomas More. As a consequence, while, later, Elizabeth's reign was destined to be one of the most glorious literary periods England has ever seen, Henry's proved one of the most brilliant artistically. His name is so closely associated with things which have absolutely no relation to art, that one is apt to forget him in his character of art patron. But it is thus he figures at the New Gallery, where the walls of the largest room—save for the small space reserved for Henry VII.—are hung with portraits (the greater number of note and a few masterpieces) painted during his reign. Of these, fully one-half are attributed to Holbein. That all are his work, however, is more than doubtful; there is nothing in many to suggest his technique, and never was a painter made responsible for so many canvases by lesser artists as he was. Some were probably done by his pupils and assistants, and were never even touched by the master. To others his name was attached in a later generation, when it became the practice to call almost all portraits of that date Holbeins. Unfortunately not a few, about the genuineness of which there can be no question, have suffered from long centuries of neglect and from restorers of larger enthusiasm than knowledge. But there still remain many in a fair state of preservation, and it must be remembered that Holbein's finest portraits were painted in this country, where he remained for years devoting himself so entirely to this branch of his art that Englishmen are apt to overlook the fact that he also could and did paint subject pictures, for which, indeed, he is best known on the Continent.

There are three in particular here which, if they alone had been exhibited, would still have given the show its artistic distinction. The third Duke of Norfolk—from the Windsor Galleries—in velvet and ermine, with the wands of office, is a triumph of delicate modelling, exquisite finish, rich color, and dignified composition, and is usually considered the best of the several Holbein portraits of the same nobleman. The Christina, Duchess of Milan, the simple, graceful figure in rich black robes, against a dark background, the hands twisting a glove, the sweet pale face set in a close-fitting black hood, is the property of the Duke of Norfolk, but has for some time been hanging in the National Gallery, and therefore, fortunately, is one of the best-known Holbeins in the country. It was to this masterpiece that Zucchero referred when he said he had seen nothing so good in Rome. The third is the beautiful study of Sir Thomas More—not quite spoiled by the retouching of the face—with its fine feeling of repose and dignity, and bits of brilliant color in the costume; the one from which copies have so many times been made.

There are innumerable Henrys ascribed to the same master, several of well-sustained authenticity. Though it is plain that Henry, with Elizabeth, attached chief importance to a faithful and careful rendering of his gorgeous dress—of the slashed doublet, the feathered cap, the jewelled bands—it was impossible for Holbein to make of him a mere figure of convention, such as Elizabeth became in the hands of Zucchero. For all his silk and satin gorgeousness, for all his insignia of royal office, Henry is every inch a man, and a very common, hopelessly sensual man at that; for the German showed him with the honest realism with which he rendered all his subjects, though for doing so, were he a modern, he probably would have been treated in the same fashion as Bastien-Lepage when he really painted the almost equally fat and coarse present Prince of Wales. It is curious to contrast with Holbein's frankly vulgar Henry the portrait of the same sovereign by Paride Bordone — the somewhat famous "Henry VIII. with scroll," painted in 1535, the year "the King commanded all about the Court to poll their heads; and, to give them example, he caused his own head to be polled, and from thenceforth his beard to be knotted and no more shaven," in which fashion his beard and hair are here treated. The Southern painter, more refined in conception if not in execution, evidently sought to subdue the repulsive grossness of his royal sitter, and to trim down his superfluous flesh, with the result, however, that commonness and fat are, if anything, more pronounced. This painting hangs ordinarily in that marvellous old hall of the Merchant Tailors in the

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City. Of all the Henrys by Holbein, one of the most noteworthy is the large, vigorous cartoon made for the mural picture destroyed with the Palace at Whitehall in the fire of 1698, and owned by the Duke of Devonshire; it contains portraits of both Henry VII. and Henry VIII., the latter in his favorite position, legs stretched apart, his "good calf" showing, arms akimbo. Scarcely less important is the "Henry VIII. granting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeon's Company," in which the King stands surrounded by seventeen figures, almost every face in the group stamped with an individual character. Holbein did not live to complete this picture, but the composition, as well as the greater part of the work, is his.

It would be here impossible, and perhaps useless, to mention the other distinguished examples by the same master, but I must at least refer to several which are simply catalogued "Of a Man," but which, as a rule, are marked by strong character, as if Holbein even felt greater freedom when painting ordinary mortals; and also to the "Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, and Others," known as "The Dancing Picture," in which, according to Sir Peter Lely, the male figures were painted by Holbein, the female by Janet (François Clouet).

I believe that in the National Portrait Exhibition of 1866 there were as many genuine and so-called Holbein portraits as there are now at the New Gallery. But that which gives double interest to the present show is the fact that it includes the marvellous collection of Holbein drawings from Windsor Castle, exhibited to the public for the first time. There are eighty-two of these drawings, many being the original studies for portraits hung on the near walls, so that an unequalled opportunity is now presented for the study of Holbein's methods. The drawings are made as a rule with colored chalks or crayons on white paper, which in many cases has been first covered with a pale salmon-tinted wash. In some a man's hair or beard, in others a woman's head-dress or the decoration on her collar, is worked out or suggested with pen and ink, now in a few bold, vigorous lines, and again by much careful work, expressing all the modelling of the head or the growth of the beard, or the design of an intricate pattern. In the simplest, as in the most elaborate, will be found the same breadth of treatment, simplicity and delicacy of modelling, reserve and dignity of pose and composition which characterize Holbein's finished portraits, many of which were painted from these studies and not from nature. It can only be regretted that a collection so valuable to the student should not, instead of being hidden away at Windsor, be given to the nation and placed on permanent exhibition at the National Gallery or the British Museum.

After Henry VIII. the artistic interest of the show begins to grow gradually less. Among the very few portraits representing the short reign of Edward VI. there are two by Holbein, who painted that monarch when he was a chubby baby, but as the artist died when Edward was in his sixth year, the others attributed to him, showing the King as a boy of ten or eleven or older, can hardly be considered genuine. Queen Mary's reign does not boast of a large number of portraits. Sir Antonio More had become court painter, and he is responsible for most of the pictures of the Queen arrayed in a dress which, for stiffness, can vie with Elizabeth's more elaborate costume, and with a face strongly marked with the Tudor energy, developing into fierce cruelty in the curious "Hungad Petition," by Lucas de Heere. A small Philip II., with the Austrian mouth very marked, and a certain richness of color, is ascribed to Titian; and there is a curious Cranmer, by Lucas Cranach, with parchment-like face, contrasting with the sensual features so conspicuous in all other paintings of him.

When we come to Elizabeth's reign, we find the portraits far exceeding in number those of Henry VIII.'s period, but Zucchero takes the place of Holbein, with the result that the pictures are of far less importance. Whether, however, this Queen would ever have submitted to the frankness and realism of a Holbein, is a very doubtful question. In all her existing portraits—and she was painted, if anything, oftener than Henry—even in those which show her as a child, she appears as a mere royal dummy on which to hang the most marvellous costumes, the most gorgeous stuffs and rarest jewels. Set in by great masses of reddish hair and enormous ruffs and headdresses, the face is invariably colorless, expressionless, and lifeless. In her portraits, therefore, it is the dress at which one looks, and Zucchero's painting of costume, of brocades and embroidery, is simply wonderful. No pre-Raphaelite ever approached, or even attempted, such careful and accurate working-out of detail as that which one finds in his rendering of her hideous short, wide skirts of gold and silver brocade, her jewelled stomachers, her barrel-like sleeves, her high-standing lace ruffs. His portraits of her might serve as working drawings for the embroiderer or the silk-weaver at his loom. Perhaps the only one in which there is the least suggestion of something human is by the same artist, painted on the background of a cabinet, on the doors of which are, curiously enough, the busts of her four courtiers, Leicester and Essex, Lord Burleigh and Sir Walter Raleigh.

While the greater number of the Elizabethan group are characterized by the same artificiality, they naturally are not without a very decided historical value. No matter how badly they may be painted, one cannot look with entire indifference at Essex, with his "goodly person," or Sir Walter Raleigh, bearded and bronzed, his son standing at his side, or Lord Burleigh, or Leicester, or Lord Bacon, or the many other great Elizabethan courtiers, statesmen, and heroes. But of all, the most interesting are unquestionably the seven reputed portraits of Shakspere. Hanging together are the doubtful Felton or Fenton portrait, just showing the head, with its vast brow and without the familiar short beard of the others; the better-known Zucchero, in which the painter of courtiers gives him a courtier-like face and bearing; the fine Charlcote head, the badly drawn "Burbage" portrait, and the one with the earrings which most fully realizes the popular ideal of the poet. There are also two heads of Ben Jonson, with full red lips and ruddy cheeks; and two of "Poet Fletcher," with a mass of yellowish hair falling about in confusion above a fair face with short, fair beard. But it must be admitted that, after the Holbeins, even these seem insipid enough.

One can but hope that Mr. Cameron, who made such superb photographs of many of the Stuart pictures last year, will preserve a similar record of the most notable in the Tudor collection. His photographic studies often have the richness and color of mezzotint, and he has never surpassed his Stuart series.

I have left myself but little space in which to speak of the many other exhibits. But the truth is, the portraits lead so enormously in interest that they first claim and hold one's attention, while the other articles exhibited mount into so many hundreds, those of importance often being lost in a sea of commonplaceness, that it is impossible really to look at them all. However, I must say a word about the arms and armor which most picturesquely fill the main hall. The Elizabethan was the most glorious age in arms, and all the finest collections in the country have been borrowed from. Famous suits of armor, like that of the Baron de Cosson, considered the most beautiful example in England, are here; and a group which must attract every visitor to the gallery is that formed by the russet and gilt cap-à-pie armor worn by the Earl of Pembroke at the battle of St. Quentin, and the blue-steel, elaborately gilt, colossal suit of De Montmorency, Constable of France, and the russet and gilt suit of the Duc de Montpensier. Pembroke's two prisoners at the same battle, their armor having from that day to this remained in his family. Coming, however, fresh from the reading of Mark Twain's 'Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,' it must be confessed that this armor, exquisite as it is in design and workmanship, suggests chiefly the discomfort and awkwardness of the wearers. There are also many curious and interesting examples among the large collection of swords, rapiers, and daggers, and queer old wheel-lock guns and pistols.

While the selection of MSS. does not show very great discrimination, many letters and official documents are of decided interest; and in the cases of Printed Books are to be seen valuable first editions of Bibles, Missals, and Layman's Prayer-Books. But these, as well as the coins and plate—I must at least mention the Cellini shield presented by Francis I. to Henry VIII., and lent by the Queen—would require a letter to themselves. Of the relics I do not purpose to say anything. A few, as for example Queen Elizabeth's famous fiddle, with its wealth of carving, are not without artistic merit; but as a rule they bear to the Holbeins very much the same relation that the jewelled bambinos in Italian churches have to the masterpieces over the altars.

But though much that is trifling finds a place in these historical exhibitions, taken altogether they have one advantage which cannot be overestimated: they give the average Englishman a chance to learn many things about the history of his country which he might otherwise never be able to study for himself so pleasantly. For, thanks to a strong and influential committee made up of leading names, which in England count for so much, with the Hon. Harold Dillon as Secretary, all the great old English houses and royal palaces have been drained of their treasures—treasures often unappreciated even by their owners, which have hitherto been uncatalogued and absolutely out of reach of the common man. And nowadays so many of just such treasures, hitherto handed down as heirlooms in the old English families, are being dispersed, owing to the indifference or impecuniosity of their present possessors, and bought up by men of genuine taste like the Duc d'Aumale, for example, that one wonders if in a few more generations such loan exhibitions will be even possible.

N. N.

A CONSUL TO BE REMEMBERED.

ALGIERS, January 1, 1890.

ALGIERS is becoming a favorite winter resort for the English and Americans. Its charming views, its agreeable climate, its interesting people, its opera, libraries, schools of science and literature, churches, shops, furnished and unfurnished villas, present an unusual combination, in which the attractions of

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a French capital are added to those of a half-civilized Oriental town. The mail steamer comes daily from Marseilles, bringing advices from Paris that are only forty-eight hours old when they reach Algiers. This week a new sign of progress has been seen. The great English steamer *Orizaba*, of more than 6,000 tons burden, came within the mole for the first time, making here its second stop on the long voyage from Plymouth to Sidney.

As we drew near the shore in this fine ship, and were surrounded by the boats of the Algerines, dressed in Oriental garbs and chattering in a strange mixture of tongues, as we saw them fight and quarrel for the persons and property of travellers, it was easy to believe that these Arabs were descended from the pirates who were the terrors of this coast three and four-score years ago. We were not very far from the scene of those great achievements of our brave countrymen, Decatur and Bainbridge, which preceded and led up to the subsequent victory of Lord Exmouth, and began the triumph of civilization over barbarism which the French at length effectually completed.

But except to a reminiscent eye there is nothing in the harbor or in the streets of Algiers to remind the American of the famous exploits of his countrymen. One-half of Algiers remains Moorish, while the foreign half is as truly French as Marseilles or Bayonne—French in language, laws, schools, cabs, boulevards, newspapers, cafés.

Thinking over the wonderful transformation of the tyrannical government of the Deys into the republican ways of France, I went on Sunday morning into the English Chapel, which stands just within the upper walls of the city, not far from a statue, which commemorates the exploits of Marshal Bugeaud. One of the guide-books says that the chapel is built "in the Anglo-Saxon style," and I expected to find a very simple early-English structure. It is rather Romanesque than Anglo-Saxon or Gothic, pleasing in appearance both without and within, and it was beautifully decorated at the time of the Queen's Jubilee with a dado of Algerian marbles. I had hardly taken a seat when my eye was arrested by a large white-marble tablet inscribed with these words:

WILLIAM SHALER, M.A.,
Consul-General United States of America at Algiers from 1815 to 1829.

During his residence here he displayed great ability under trying circumstances. His valuable work, 'Sketches of Algiers,' was translated into French, and served materially to insure the success of the Expeditionary Force which captured Algiers. In it the first suggestion was made that, in the event of any future operations against this city by a Christian Power, the landing should be made at Sidi-Ferruch instead of to the East.

He subsequently became Consul at Havana, and died there 29 March, 1833, æt. 55.

Erected as a tribute of respect to his memory by R. L. P. 1878.

I almost rubbed my eyes as I read this simple eulogy, signed with the well-known initials of the British Consul, Sir Lambert Playfair; and, as I turned around, another tablet, of red marble, placed face to face with a tablet which commemorates the Queen's Jubilee, arrested my attention. This read as follows:

In memory of a distinguished citizen of the United States of America, Commodore Stephen Decatur, who, in connection with Captain W. Bainbridge and W. Shaler, Esq., concluded a treaty with the Dey of Algiers, thus being the first to break through the intolerable bondage in which many Christian Nations were held by the Barbary States.

This tablet is erected 20 June, 1887, by citizens of the United States grateful for the privilege of associating this commemoration of their countrymen with the Jubilee of that Illustrious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, who has made the name of England dear to children and to children's children throughout all lands.

There were many other memorial tablets upon the walls, two of the most interesting bearing the names of the celebrated African explorer, Bruce, and the noble British clergyman, Rev. Devereux Spratt, who would not accept the ransom from Algerian slavery that was offered him because he preferred to stay and cheer by his presence his companions in bonds.

But my mind kept recurring to the Consul, William Shaler, whose name is not on everybody's lips, like the names of Decatur and Bainbridge, but whose brave services in this distant land have been so conspicuously honored by her Majesty's representative. I knew the name of Shaler and the general story of his career in Algiers, but I was curious to know more; so, early on Monday morning, I found my way to the American Consulate to inquire into the records which are here preserved. Here I found a representative of the United States, Mr. Grellet, who fully appreciates the honorable services of his predecessor, and who placed in my hands, with commendable pride, two large volumes, bound in leather, containing copies of consular accounts and of consular despatches during the official career of Tobias Lear, and of his successor, William Shaler. If I understood him correctly, later archives were sent to Washington long ago, but these two volumes were astray. At least, they were hidden in Marseilles, and it is only within a short time that they have been recovered and replaced in the Consular Office in Algiers. In addition to these books there are many original letters and papers pertaining to the American Consulate upon the Barbary coast. Among them are several letters of Charles Folsom, who was Chargé-d'affaires at Tunis in 1818–'19, and others which bear the signature of Commodore D. Porter. Sir Lambert Playfair, the British Consul, has made ample use of these manuscripts in preparing the later chapters of his book on the 'Scourge of Christendom' (London, 1884). "Not a single document," he says, "connected with Lord Exmouth's victory exists in the British Consulate, but the admirable despatches of Mr. William Shaler fully supply the deficiency." "At my urgent solicitation, Mr. Alexander Jourdan traced them out, and rescued them from the oblivion of a garret at Marseilles." This remark applies to one of the volumes; the other was recovered subsequently by Mr. Grellet.

I have taken a great deal of pleasure in poring over these original records. Here are the items of "boodle" distributed among the courtiers of the Bashaw, in addition to the stipends paid in person to "his Highness" (as the barbarian was styled by all the Christians), in order to secure his good will, or rather to lessen his animosity. Here are the memoranda of the interviews which the Consul had with the Dey. Here are copies of his official reports to the United States Government, and of his private letters to James Monroe, the Secretary of State. Here is a narrative of the circumstances under which the treaty of peace was negotiated at the end of June, 1816—the first effective limitation of the power of the Dey by a Christian force; and here is the diary which Shaler kept during the English attack upon Algiers a few months later.

As I have no access to printed books, I do not know what parts of these documents have already been published, and so I hesitate about making long extracts from them, particularly as my object is only to bring to mind the services of a forgotten Consul, who ought to be held in grateful remembrance by all Americans, but especially by those who visit this salubrious resort. Shaler was here in a very critical period, when piracy and barbarity were giving way to modern ideas of law and order, and he bore himself with dignity, manliness, and good sense, contributing not a little towards the advent of Christian civilization.

In the official commission authorizing three Americans to negotiate a treaty with the Dey of Algiers, the name of Shaler precedes that of Decatur and Bainbridge. The two naval commanders had prepared the way for negotiation by their captures on the open sea, and the presence of a strong squadron in the Mediterranean was a great auxiliary to the work of diplomacy. Nevertheless, it required vigor, tact, and bravery to bring the Dey to terms. All these qualities were manifested by the American Commissioners, who compelled the Bashaw, in the course of two days after their arrival in the port of Algiers, to sign the memorable treaty by which the Dey renounced his claim for tribute or payments of any kind; agreed to restore the property which had been taken in violation of the former treaty; promised to release the American captives, and to place the United States upon the footing of the most favored nations.

After this treaty was negotiated, Shaler remained in the position of Consul-General for a period of fourteen years, a period of innumerable difficulties and annoyances. In this difficult position he was of the greatest service not only to his own countrymen, but to the Europeans who from time to time required his aid. Lord Exmouth, the British admiral, warmly acknowledged these services at the time they were rendered, and so did Mr. McDonnell, the British Consul; and recently they have been brought to mind by the inscription which has been already quoted, and by the writings of Sir Lambert Playfair.

Shaler's other claim for remembrance—his sagacity to perceive, and good sense to publish his perception, that Algiers could best be attacked by European forces, upon the west, at a point known as Sidi-Ferruch, and not, where other attempts had been made, in front or toward the east—is traceable to a book which was published in 1826, and soon afterwards translated into French. His suggestions were acted upon by the French in 1830, when they made their successful descent upon this coast. There is good authority for saying that they used the volume of Shaler as a handbook during their famous expedition.

Indeed, the contemporaneous papers show that Shaler, without any pretence or bravado, was a brave man, full of resources, conscious of the dignity of an American representative, undismayed in the presence of a cruel and unscrupulous despot, able and willing to protect and shelter the people of other countries, as well as his own compatriots. He was a capital public officer, holding his station contrary to his own preferences, for an inadequate compensation, under the most trying circumstances, simply that he might serve his Government and be useful to his fellow-men. To his firmness, tact, and intrepidity is largely due the abolition of Christian slavery in Algiers, and to him, indirectly, perhaps, the subsequent successful conquests of the forces of France.

I have never met Sir Lambert Playfair, and it is doubtful whether these lines will ever fall under his notice; but if they should happen to do so, I wish they might convey to him the gratitude of a small party of Americans, spending New Year's Day in Algiers, who have

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been instructed by him in an interesting chapter of their country's history, and who admire the generous candor with which the British representative in Algiers has commemorated in such enduring ways the services of an American consul who might otherwise have been forgotten by the English, the French, and even the American visitors to this reconstructed capital. D. C. G.

Correspondence.

THE SEPARATE PARTY COLUMN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to us in Massachusetts that you do not understand the quarter part of the evils of the method of separate columns for parties under the Australian ballot system. You say: "The objection to it is that it is in the interest of strict party voting, thus acting as a check upon complete independence of action by the voter in marking his ballot." The real evils of this method are more fundamental. It deprives the system substantially of its secrecy. A voter who votes a straight party ticket has to be in the marking compartment but a few seconds, while one who votes independently, even as to one candidate, has to stay in the compartment one or two minutes. Now, the question usually is, not which party a man belongs to, but whether he is going to vote "straight," or to scratch (for example) Gov. Hill on the Democratic ticket or some particular candidate on the Republican ticket. This the party workers can ascertain under the party-column system almost as well as under the old system of party ballots. In Connecticut the way it was told whether a voter voted his party ticket or altered it was on the same principle—by noting the length of time spent in the booth; and it worked to a charm wherever there were any active party managers on the watch.

Another disadvantage is, that it practically admits the use of party ballots, because, as there has to be on the official ballot a blank column in which any voter may paste names, it is only necessary to furnish to each voter a blanket paster with the names of the party candidates or any combination that may be got up by a trade, and this the voter is quickly to paste on to this blank space, and pass through the compartment. Indeed, it may be an advantage for a party to make no nomination for the official ballot, so that all its members *must* use the blanket paster. That pasters can be readily used with great success was shown in two of the city elections in Massachusetts last December. But with the Massachusetts official ballot a blanket paster cannot be used, as pasters can only be put in the separated blank spaces at the foot of each list.

The above objections seem to us the most serious; but, in addition, will there not be wrangles as to who shall be entitled, as between Tammany and County Democracy, for example, to the regular Democratic column? The board that has the summary decision of this question will have a vast power in its hands.

—Yours respectfully, R. H. Dana.

Boston, January 31, 1890.

PARTY NAMES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The communication from "J. J. J.," in No. 1282 of the *Nation*, was in general sufficiently answered by that of "C. B. W.," which just preceded; but permit me to add one specific point in reply.

In Columbus, Ohio, from which "J. J. J." writes, is located one of the leading colleges of that State. I have known a number of young men who went there Republicans and left Democrats, but I have never heard of a single change in the opposite direction. This change is not due to any influence exerted by those officially connected with the institution, but to an intelligent study of practical economic questions, added to the general liberalizing tendency of higher education. A great many young men learn while at college that party names are less important than party principles, and that while the party names remain the same, party principles change. Naturally, these young men gravitate to that party which offers them a living principle.

"J. J. J.'s" estimate of the proportion of Republicans among professors and college students would not have been extravagant ten years ago, but it is true no longer. In one of the State universities of the West, in a strong Republican State, one-fifth of the Faculty are former Republicans who will no longer act with that party on national questions. There is no doubt that the proportion is greater in the large Eastern colleges.

One of the Converted.

January 27, 1890.

HISTORY AS IT IS WRITTEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It may be of interest to your readers to see the following extracts in close connection:

During the last thirty years of her protective system, and especially during the twenty years from 1826 to 1846, Great Britain increased her material wealth beyond all precedent in the commercial history of the world. Her development of steam-power gave to every British workman the arms of Briareus, and the inventive power of her mechanicians increased the amount, the variety, and the value of her fabrics beyond all anticipation. Every year of that period witnessed the addition of millions upon millions of sterling to the reserve capital of the kingdom. . . . At that moment Great Britain had reason to feel supremely content.—*James G. Blaine, in North American Review for January, 1890, pp. 30, 31.*

England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition. . . . With fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest, and the willingest our earth ever had, . . . some baleful fiat has gone forth saying, "Touch it not, ye workers, . . . no man of you shall be the better for it; this is enchanted fruit." . . . Of these successful skilful workers some two millions sit in workhouses, poor-law prisons, or have "out-door relief" flung over the wall to them, the workhouse Bastille being filled to bursting. . . . In thrifty Scotland itself . . . there are scenes of woe, and destitution, and desolation, such as, one may hope, the sun never saw before in the most barbarous regions where men ever dwelt.—*Thomas Carlyle, in Past and Present, chapter 1 (written in 1843).*

Surely the champion of a system which is so loudly asserting its love for the laboring man, must have forgotten himself in saying that "Great Britain had reason to feel supremely content" at a time when, "as every schoolboy knows," the destitution among the working classes was general and most deplorable.

Tariff-Reformer.

THE TREASURY ACT OF 1789.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The original Treasury Act of 1789 created an accounting department to consist of a Comptroller, an Auditor, a Treasurer, and a Register. This was apparently in imitation of the ordinance of September 11, 1781, "for the more *effectual execution* of the business of the Treasury, and the settlement of public accounts," which established similar offices. Can you or any of your readers inform me from what State or colony, if any, this system of checks was borrowed? The system requires the stating of accounts by one officer, their revision and certification by another, their filing and the recording of the certified balances by a third, and their payment by a fourth, not upon presentation of the settlement certificate itself, but upon a distinct warrant issued by the head of the department, reciting the settlement, which warrant must be countersigned by the Comptroller and recorded by the Register. In the multitude of checks there is safety!

E. I. Renick.

Washington, D. C., January 27, 1890.

THE SWISS CABINET.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If enough has not already been said on the subject of Cabinet Government, allow me to point to a country where the Federal Executive appears to occupy ground midway between the parliamentary and the congressional systems.

The Federal Council of Switzerland is a committee of seven members elected by the Federal Legislature in joint session, not, however, to serve as long as the majority pleases, but for a definite term of years, namely, three. Of these officers, one is designated, also by the Legislature, to act for one year at a time as President of the Confederation. Executive power, however, is not vested in one man, but in the Committee as a whole. Individual discretion is of course called for in the administration of the departments, but in law the Council is supposed to act as a unit.

In addition to the routine duties of executive secretaries, the Committee is charged with the proposal of legislation; it has no autocratic rights of initiative, even within its own party. Any member of the Chambers may move the adoption of a bill, but all are submitted to the Council for an opinion, and must be returned within a certain time. The Budget is especially its work. It may propose any class of legislation. In short, all bills, whatever their source, at some time pass through the hands of the Council and are stamped with its approval or disapproval. Legislation does not thereby escape the scrutiny of members of the Chambers. The representatives of the people may examine projects as much as they please, but, at some time in their progress, laws are reviewed by those who are actually in the executive saddle and comprehend their bearings upon existing institutions. Members of the Cabinet have the right to explain their motions in either house, and are liable at any time to interpellation upon matters of public policy.

When, however, bills urged or approved by the Council are rejected by the Legislature, the ordinary parliamentary result does not take place. No one feels obliged to resign. The Cabinet is elected for a given time, and, being thus established, sudden and frequent crises are avoided. In fact, such a thing is hardly known. Men who have proved capable administrators are kept in office term after term. Of the Cabinet of 1889 one had been in service since 1863, another since 1866, and nearly all more than one term. It is needless to mention the good effect of this on the conduct of business.

This long tenure has been partly due to the fact that the same party, or some shade of it, has been in power most of the time; but parties have not always upheld the projects of their own ministers and have yet given them reëlection. They have kept them in office

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because they knew the business, and it has happened that good executive qualities have brought men of different parties into the same cabinet.

Whatever may be thought of such a result, the chief objection to party government—violent and rapid changes of ministries—would seem to be overcome by a compromise which secures both responsibility to the majority in the Legislature and a known tenure of office.

J. M. V.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

CHAUCER EMENDATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your kind words about Dr. Skeat's edition of Chaucer's 'Legend of Good Women' will be approved by all that are glad to see the great poet made more easy of approach. In respect, however, of v. 415, the difficulty in scansion of which both you and Dr. Skeat speak, is not, I think, real. For this verse is but one of a somewhat large class of verses in which Chaucer gives double length to the second accented syllable of his pentapody, by cutting off the unaccented part of his second trochee. Thus the line, if the stress syllables be italicized, is found to read,

"Yet *hath* he *mad* ‖ *lew*-ed *folk* de-*ly*-te,"

a form that demands no emendation. Here, while the first stave is iambic, the second is trochaic, a variation that Chaucer much loves; and the second stave has his favorite alliteration on L. The same syncopation of the second foot is found in vv. 91, 195, 218, 251, 272, 286, 342, 5 and 40 of the Prologue, and doubtless in many others, both masculine and feminine.

In Shakspere also this form is common, *e. g.*:

"Poor *Cassio's smiles* ‖ *gestures* and *light behaviour*."
—*Othello, iv. 1. 103.*

"On *horror's head* ‖ *horrors accumulate*."
—*Id. iii., 4, 370.*

Respectfully, THOMAS R. PRICE.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, January 30, 1890.

Notes.

THE third and fourth volumes of Henry Adams's 'History of the United States,' which relate to Jefferson's second Administration, will shortly be issued by the Messrs. Scribner. They announce also 'Emigration and Immigration,' by Prof. R. M. Smith of Columbia College, and 'Literature and Poetry,' by the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff.

Macmillan & Co. have nearly ready 'Problems of Greater Britain,' by Sir Charles Dilke, in two volumes; 'Leaves from My Life,' reminiscences by Montague Williams of the English bar; and 'Notes on American Schools and Colleges,' by Dr. J. G. Fitch. They will be the publishers, in time, of a life of the late Edward Thring, by Prof. George R. Parkin of Fredericton, New Brunswick—the third undertaking of the kind now in progress.

Cassell & Co. publish directly 'Star-Land,' talks on astronomy with young people, by Sir Robert S. Ball.

The Diary of Walter Scott is on the eve of being given to the world; and the Memoirs of Marshal MacMahon are said to be in type, but for printing in an edition limited to the author's family.

The seventh volume of the 'Henry Irving Shakespeare' (Scribner & Welford) includes five plays, with the usual prefaces and notes. The illness of the late editor, Mr. Frank A. Marshall, lessened his share in the work, but he had the good fortune to supply his own hand by that of Mr. Joseph Knight in the preparation of the stage-histories, one of the interesting features of the edition, while Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Arthur Symons, and other friends give assistance in the introduction and notes. The work is of the same general high average of discretion and scholarship hitherto shown. We observe that Dr. Garnett argues earnestly for the theory that "The Tempest" was written for the court in the winter of 1612–13, specially for the occasion of Princess Elizabeth's marriage, at which time it was certainly performed. This would make it the last of Shakspere's plays, and his true farewell. Mr. Knight, however, upholds the earlier date of 1610. Dr. Garnett's comments on this play have more originality and literary interest than have characterized the other introductions. The illustrations are of the same inferior character as those that have gone before. Mr. Marshall's death, on December 28, 1889, before the completion of his enterprise, is much to be deplored.

The 'Mirabilia Urbis Romæ,' the mediæval guide-book to Rome, makes its first appearance in English in the translation of Francis Morgan Nichols, under the title 'The Marvels of Rome, or a Picture of the Golden City' (London: Ellis & Elvey). This most interesting topographical and archæological relic dates from the twelfth century, and was in vogue in revised forms for three hundred years. It consists of a list of the principal antiquities then extant, a collection of legends, and a tour of the city. It has been published several times under the editorship of antiquarians, of whose text the translator has made use. He gives the work in its first form, but, by an ingenious arrangement of brackets, includes also the later additions of its revised forms, so that one can tell by the eye the different parts of the text. He also furnishes at the end five cognate papers — the 'Marvels of Roman Churches,' compiled 1375, an extract from the 'Itinerary' of Benjamin of Tudela, extracts from a book of 'Processional Routes,' two topographical bulls, the list of relics in the Lateran, and a map dating from mediæval times. Copious notes are printed at the foot of the page. The volume is small and admirably printed, and bears every mark of competent scholarship. It possesses interest as a memorial of the guide by which scholars and pilgrims saw Rome in the awakening centuries of the revival of antiquity, and also as a record of the city while many ruins now gone were standing. The tone of the work, too, is an excellent illustration of the mind of the time, and its legends, though now grown familiar, are most attractive in their original simple and credulous form.

The town meeting still obtains in Plymouth, Mass. (which, by the way, "was never incorporated, nor ever by any act of colonial legislation created into a municipality"). On April 4 it voted to reprint in one volume the earliest records of the town down to the eighteenth century, at a cost not to exceed $1,000, and in the expectation of a sale which would make the treasury whole. This volume has just appeared in good shape, under the editorship of a committee consisting of Messrs. Wm. T. Davis, Arthur Lord, Chas. G. Davis, W. W. Brewster, and Thos. B. Drew—names which mean competency and accuracy; and is for sale by W. B. Clarke & Co., No. 340 Washington Street, Boston. It covers the period 1636 (for the town was long without a clerk) to 1705, and has been taken verbatim from the original records, but with comparison of official copies made at various times. The enterprise will go on if the town is reimbursed, as it is to be hoped it will be without delay. By far the bulk of the entries relate to grants and bounds of lands, but miscellaneous topics are not wanting, as, cattle marks, the killing of wolves and blackbirds, the impeding of the run of herring and other fish, the restraint of loose swine, tax rates, fort-building, etc., etc. Fines were imposed for slack attendance at town meeting. There are several lists of voters at such meetings. A few notes, historical, topographical, and etymological, have been added, and there is an index of names and things.

The first publication in book form regarding the great Pennsylvania disaster of last May is entitled 'Through the Johnstown Flood, by a Survivor,' namely, the Rev. David J. Beale, D.D. (Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros.). The editor has done his part simply and in good taste, and with much descriptive power, and for a just idea of the catastrophe nothing more will be required. There is a morgue record of names, but the numerous photographic illustrations are as little painful as possible, and not at all sensational.

The third volume of Prof. Masson's new edition of 'The Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey' (Macmillan) embraces the London reminiscences; recollections of Lamb, Walking Stewart, Edward Irving, Talfourd, Allan Cunningham, etc.; the account of DeQuincey's estrangement from Wordsworth; the Story of a Libel, with Thoughts on Duelling; the Confessions of an Opium-eater, etc. The frontispiece consists of three miniatures of De Quincey's father, mother, and uncle, Col. Penson—his resemblance to the last-named (as to the mother) being greater, one would say, than to his father.

There has been prepared and printed for the members of the Pan-American Conference a report upon extradition, which contains not only much valuable information, arranged in convenient form, concerning the practice and rules of various countries, but a most interesting discussion of the subject in a general way by Mr. John B. Moore, the Third Assistant Secretary of State. No available source of information has been neglected in Mr. Moore's researches, of which the fruits are now made accessible to all. His report contains in its 214 pages every extradition treaty or convention of the United States with foreign Powers. To these he has added an analysis of offences, from which one can learn at a glance what in any given country constitutes an extraditable crime under our treaties with it. More than one hundred pages are given to the practice of extradition in foreign countries — every country with which we have a treaty being mentioned except Spain and Sweden - Norway. The introduction contains some important remarks and suggestions upon the questions: Should citizens be surrendered? Should a person surrendered for one offence be tried for another, before he has had an opportunity to return to the jurisdiction from which he was taken? Which demand should be first complied with when several demands are presented by different governments for the surrender of the same individual? To what extent may a government intervene in behalf of one of its citizens who is in a foreign country and is made the subject of a demand of extradition by a third State?

The delayed October number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* accompanies the January issue. The definitive tracing of the Washington pedigree by Mr. Henry F. Waters in the former number is already known to all our readers, but a large amount of supplementary matter on the same topic is published in the January instalment of

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the "Genealogical Gleanings in England." Here, too, we find wills and other data concerning the families of Oxenbridge, Whittingham, Snooks, Pawlett, Alsop, Fairewether, Jobson, Northend, Isham, Tookie, etc. We remark also some genealogical notes on the Lees of Virginia, with a table, by J. Henry Lea.

The *Book-Buyer* for February has a noteworthy portrait of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who is said never to have been pictured in public before. The face will not disappoint his admirers.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, in a privately printed pamphlet, 'Who was the Mother of Franklin's Son?' goes over the ground of what he calls this "historical conundrum," and makes a small contribution to its solution, not as decisive, but only as suggestive. A pamphleteer of 1764, writing 'What is Sauce for a Goose is also Sauce for a Gander,' contrives an epitaph for Franklin, which points out "his Hand Maid Barbara, A most Valuable Slave, The Foster Mother of his last Offspring," etc.

At the beginning of the year the Johns Hopkins Hospital opened for the benefit of graduate physicians five advanced courses, viz.: in Pathology and Bacteriology, with special laboratory advantages; in Medicine, including bedside and dispensary teaching, laboratory work, and lectures; in Surgery, in Gynæcology, and in Hygiene. Among the physicians admitted to this advanced instruction are three women, two residents of Baltimore and one from Chicago.

"A. T. L." writes to us from Boston: "Your reference, in your issue of January 16, to the Schuylkill Fishing Company as 'the oldest English-speaking club in the world,' reminds me that we have in Boston a society, the 'Scots' Charitable Society,' founded January 16, 1657, and which had its 235th annual meeting last month. The records of the first meeting, in excellent condition, are in the Society's possession."

— Mr. Bishop's account, in the February *Scribner's*, of the two or three writers of contemporary Spain whom he met in Madrid, is frankly a sketchy article, and yet it may be worth while to point out a few inaccuracies into which he has fallen. His naming 'Doña Perfecta' as Galdós's "first" novel will be rather surprising to the Spanish critic who recently said that the novelist's genius was at once perceived with the appearance of his first work, 'La Fontana de Oro,' in 1868. In fact, 'Doña Perfecta' stands pretty well down the list. 'Miau' is said to be his latest, though at least three have followed it. 'Miau' was the latest at the time that the little biographical sketch of Galdós was prepared for the series of "Celebridades Contemporáneas," and it was from that account of the novelist, by the way, that both his photograph and the facsimile of his manuscript were taken, without acknowledgment, for the *Scribner's* paper. The perilous nature of the attempt to keep tally of the productions of writers of such fecundity as Spanish novelists, is also shown in the reference to the "latest book" of Emilia Pardo Bazán, said to be 'Los Pazos de Ulloa'; it really is 'Morriña.' Mr. Bishop's surprise at hearing of "one Spanish woman at least who writes," would have been somewhat tempered if he had seen the "Notes for a Biographical Dictionary of the Female Writers of Spain in the Nineteenth Century," now publishing in *España Moderna*, and already including several scores of names, though only down to the M's.

—In a recent number of the *North American Review*, Canon Farrar gives the reasons "why he is an Episcopalian." He admits that in order to be the best of Christians one has no need to be an Episcopalian at all, and that Episcopacy has no reason to arrogate the title of *the* Church in any exclusive sense. But among the superiorities which he claims for the Episcopal organization one is progressiveness, and as a conspicuous illustration of this excellence, he points to the Church of America. He adds: "As regards the Church of America, I am told that *alone*, or almost alone, of the religious communities on the Western continent, it is steadily, if but slowly, *adding to its numbers*, lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes." The growth of American Episcopacy has been rapid. According to Bishop Perry, its standard historian, its communicants, who in 1853 were 105,136, after thirty years, in 1883 or 1886, had become 407,481—almost four-fold. But while rejoicing in this increment, how could the Canon be blind to the advance of other American sects? His own London 'Statesman's Year-Book' shows him in the same column with 407,481 Episcopalians, 3,716,000 Methodists in 1885 — more than nine to one. Has the Methodist increase shown a less percentage than the Episcopal? By no means. The Methodist progress, on the whole, has been more than nine times faster than the Episcopal, for there were many Episcopal churches in the country before the first Methodist church was formed. Nor has *recent* growth among Methodists been unknown, as Canon Farrar fancies. On the other hand, it has been faster than that Episcopal expansion to which he points with pride. Bishop Simpson sets down the Methodists in 1865 as 929,259, which is less than one-fourth their census, as given above, in 1885. Regarding Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Disciples, and Congregationalists, statistics tell the same story. The six sects which now outnumber what most of them call the Church of England seem likely to do so still.

— A Sabbatarian Frenchman is not so very rare as might be imagined, if we are to believe the *Réforme Sociale* of December 16. That periodical, which is the bulletin of the Société d'Économie Sociale, and of the social peace unions, prints the programme and statutes of "La Ligue populaire pour le repos du Dimanche," and says in its editorial introduction to these that "the unions having for their programme the Eternal Decalogue have always put in the first rank of their *desideranda* the restoration of the Third Commandment." Certain religionists have been in the habit of dwelling fondly on the phrase "the Everlasting Gospel," but the "Eternal Decalogue" is quite another sort of thing, as well as a quite new locution. That Sabbatarianism, properly so called, should establish itself during this or the next century in France, or anywhere else, we do not think likely. It is proper to note, however, in this connection, that the Ligue is not Sabbatarian in itself, though there are some Sabbatarians among its promoters. It is merely a league for the Sunday rest; and Turks, infidels, and heretics are doubtless included in it, as well as Jews and Christians. Especially it has for an object to obtain one free day in the week for workingmen, and it will attempt to demonstrate the necessity and benefits of the Sunday from the point of view of hygiene, of morals, of the family, and of the State. No one doubts, so far as we know, that this will be a useful and praiseworthy undertaking, and the names that are signed to the programme of the Ligue indicate clearly that the support of it comes from no single sect, or party, or church. Among them are those of Jules Simon and Léon Say, of two Protestant pastors, of an apostolic missionary (a Roman Catholic of course), of several managers of railways, of the architect of the city of Paris, and of other persons of distinction in various callings.

—For a hundred and fifty years, Whiston's translation of Josephus has held its place, less from its own merits than from the fact that scholars have shrunk from the labor of constructing a revised text and giving a new rendering. For the 'War,' indeed, we have Traill's translation, which is fairly good, but for the 'Antiquities' there has been up to this time only Whiston. Pending the formation of a better text, a new translation has just been brought out in England (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Scribner & Welford); Whiston's rendering being revised by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, and topographical notes added by Sir C. W. Wilson, whose geographical work in Palestine is well known. Mr. Shilleto (the translator of Plutarch's 'Morals') seems to have done his work well, correcting Whiston's errors and awkwardnesses of rendering, and dealing freely with his notes, some of which are ridiculous. This first instalment gives us the 'Life' and the 'Antiquities' in three handy volumes; two more volumes will soon follow containing the 'War' and the 'Tract against Apion.' The translator has added a few critical notes, and might profitably have given more, pointing out Josephus's omissions and errors, especially as these have been made clear by recent discoveries. Thus, it might be noted (i, 325) that he fails to mention Gideon's ephod; that the title "Pharaoh" (ii, 99) is not now supposed to mean "King"; that the Assyrian King Pul (ii, 191) is generally identified with Tiglathpileser; that it was not Shalmaneser (ii, 199), but Sargon, who took Samaria; that the Assyrian king whom Josephus describes as besieging Tyre (ii, 200) is thought by George Smith ('History of Sennacherib,' p. 69) to be Sennacherib; that this monarch survived the disaster in Palestine not a "little while" (ii, 205), but twenty years. Such notes would take up little space and would be very useful to the general reader. But the translation, as it stands, is a great improvement on Whiston, and will commend itself to all students of Josephus.

—The twenty-first volume of Leslie Stephen's 'Dictionary of National Biography' (Macmillan) ends with Gloucester. The four Georges, who are described with a frankness that does not spare the feelings of their numerous living posterity, collectively receive fuller treatment than any other personages, averaging nearly fifteen pages each. An actor, Garrick, gets nearly twelve; Owen Glendower gets seven; Gibbon, who is favorably summed up by Mr. Stephen himself, gets six. Other prominent names in this volume are William Gifford of the *Quarterly Review* (by Mr. Stephen), John Gay, Gillray, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Gilbert (Ann Taylor). We should also mention Sir John Gladstone (father of the Prime Minister)—"Gladstones" until he got permission by royal letters patent February 10, 1835, to drop the final *s*. The famous Mrs. Hannah Glasse is shown, as the dictionaries have already admonished us, not to have used in her 'Art of Cookery' the instructions, "First catch your hare." Her words were, "Take your hare when it is cased" (*i. e.*, skinned). Thomas Geeran was one of the false centenarians whom the late W. J. Thoms took delight in exposing. Among pioneers here commemorated are William Gascoigne (1612–1644), who invented the micrometer and its application to the telescope; William Ged (1690–

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1749), who invented stereotyping; Dr. William Gibbons (1649–1728), who made mahogany fashionable in England; Joseph Gillott (1799-1873), who first employed machinery in the making of steel pens; Thomas Girtin (1775–1802), "the true founder of the modern practice of 'painting' as distinguished from 'tinting' in water-colors," "laying in the object upon his paper with the local color, and shadowing the same with the individual tint of its own shadow"; and Joseph Glass (1791–1867), who humanely suppressed chimney-boys by his unpatented machine for cleaning chimneys (Act of Parliament July 1, 1842). Garrick, too, was the first stage-manager in England to light the stage by hidden lights. There is also sometimes a distinction in being last, and Elizabeth Gaunt, whom William Penn saw burnt alive at Tyburn on October 23, 1685, for treason (she had given money to speed an outlawed conspirator in the Rye House plot), was the last woman executed in England for a political offence. Three names are especially associated with America, viz., Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who planted the first English colony in this hemisphere; Sir Thomas Gates, that Governor of Virginia whose account of his wrecking on the Bermudas helped Shakspere to his "Tempest"; and the much-married Lola Montez (Marie Gilbert), who died in this country, but at Astoria, not at Asteria (p. 333). And since we close with mention of a typographical error, let us revert to vol. xx. in order to point out (in the article on Gen. Thomas Gage) the printing of "John *Harvey*" for John Hancock, as excepted from Gage's offer of pardon, and the assigning the collision of April 19, 1775, at Lexington to the *return* march of the regulars.

— The death of Mrs. Prudence Crandall Philleo at Elk Falls, Kansas, on January 28, removes an historic figure cast in the same mould with John Brown, and an earlier combatant than he with the Slave Power. She died almost to a day on the fifty-seventh anniversary of a decisive interview in Boston with the editor of the *Liberator*, regarding her purpose to convert her flourishing school at Canterbury, Conn., for white girls into one for black, having "for some months past," as she had previously written Mr. Garrison, "determined, if possible, during the remaining part of my life, to benefit the people of color." When these words were penned, such a profession — the most Christian, certainly, that could be made —was unpopular, odious, even "unconstitutional." It was especially resented by an organization pretending to aim at the same object, viz., the American Colonization Society, whose local agent became at once the leading persecutor of Miss Crandall and her school. The story of this persecution, through inhuman boycotting and a law expressly procured from the Legislature, making it penal to bring colored children into the State to be educated, is too well known to be repeated here. The law was repealed in the course of five years, and its victim was, when past eighty, pensioned by the State by way of atonement. She lived to see slavery abolished by the war, and Kansas, her chosen home, peopled by colored refugees from the Gulf States with no law, Federal or State, to hinder. The spirit of caste, however, which evoked the opposition to her benevolent plans, has but little abated at the North since 1833: the higher education of colored Americans, though now obtainable in the first institutions in the country, still leads only to an *impasse* in most employments; political advancement is grudged them, and social equality denied absolutely. Moreover, the old colonization mania, now more preposterous than ever, is revived as the solution of the "negro problem" at the South, where stringent statutes make intermarriage a crime and put a premium on illicit intercourse, and where the endeavor of white educators "to benefit the people of color" is rewarded with social ostracism. Wonderful as was, therefore, the revolution witnessed by Prudence Crandall in her long life, it must be confessed that the people of this country, whatever party name they assume or whatever section they inhabit, are still leagues behind her simple Christian principle and practice.

— The Rev. Dr. Richard Frederick Littledale, who died in London on January 11, was not only a learned controversialist, but an extremely witty and clever and versatile contributor to English newspapers and reviews. He had hardly passed beyond the bounds of middle life, having been born in Dublin in 1833, and having graduated at Trinity College in 1854 with great distinction. He began to write early, and his work with the pen has been continuous for nearly five and thirty years. His chief works of an ecclesiastical sort are his 'Commentary on the Psalms,' a continuation of the work of his friend, Dr. John Mason Neale; a 'Commentary on the Song of Songs'; 'The Petrine Claims'; and 'Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome.' Under the same head may be put his 'Offices of the Eastern Church' and a multitude of liturgical and ritual pamphlets and essays. Dr. Littledale belonged to the so-called "advanced" or Ritualist School of Anglicans, and was a merciless and perhaps not always too scrupulous controversialist on its side. He never could be more than an advocate in writing upon any religious question, and his wit and great learning and ready memory made him a very uncomfortable antagonist to meet. Many even of those who most nearly agreed with him must regret that he did not employ his great abilities and acquirements more steadily in constructive and permanent work. Dr. Littledale was a regular contributor to the *Academy* almost from its beginning, reviewing in it for the most part novels and light literature. His ability to work was astonishing. Besides what he did with the pen, he was all the time actively engaged in clerical work and in lecturing, though for the last twenty-five years of his life he was the victim of an obscure spinal disease that kept him in constant pain.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

Among Cannibals: An Account of Four Years' Travels in Australia, and of Camp Life with the Aborigines of Queensland. By Carl Lumholtz. Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson. With portrait, maps, four chromo-lithographs, and woodcuts. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889. Pp. xx, 395. 8vo.

It would be difficult to find a more perfect picture of savage life than this account of the North Queensland black. It is written with great simplicity and directness, and with a descriptive power which is shown especially in the individuality given to the natives. In most books of travel people of a low type have rarely more separateness than the different members of a herd of cattle, while the companions of Prof. Lumholtz, Willy, Jacky, and Yokkai, are as distinct personages as Robinson Crusoe's Friday. This fact alone furnishes strong evidence, not only of the carefulness of his observations, but also of the truth of his descriptions. His familiarity with native life was not acquired easily. For more than a year he lived with the blacks, sharing their grass huts, eating their food, enduring their unspeakably repulsive habits, in constant peril of his life at their hands. One can scarcely imagine a more self-denying life, more full of privations, which were the harder to bear as all the comforts of civilization were meanwhile close at hand. Such enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge the reader cannot but feel was worthy a higher reward even than the adding four new mammals to the fauna of Australia, and the raising of an enduring monument to a race which, but for the writer, would in a few decades have perished without leaving a trace of its existence.

Prof. Lumholtz went to Australia in 1880 to collect for the museums of the University of Christiania as well as to pursue studies of his own. After spending several months at a cattle station near Rockhampton, in Queensland, he went some eight hundred miles into the interior. The regions visited did not, however, prove favorable for his purposes. He found that the monotony of the inland scrubs, "with their gray or brown masses of stiff, often shadeless trees," was "rarely broken by the sight of a bird or any other living thing," while the hardships from the fleas and the flies, the bad water, and the heat, were very great. The natives, he says, "astonished me by their bodily structure; neither before nor since have I seen them so tall, and upon the whole so well nourished, as in the tribe near Elderslie. Some of the women were even monstrously large; their hair was generally straight. Their food consisted chiefly of fish, snakes, rats, and clams."

The native police in this region showed great skill in throwing the boomerang, and the author suggests "that the idea was discovered in their games." He says: "I have frequently seen them fold the leaf of a common palm into a square, give the two corners a little twist, one to each side, and throw it into the air, making it skim round and return. A white man told me that his black boys, while round the camp fire, used frequently to amuse themselves with the leaves of the Brigalow-acacia, which have a striking resemblance to the boomerang. They gave them a flick with the finger, causing the leaves to start off, but to return in the same manner as the boomerang." This weapon is of two kinds, the one plain, the other returning. The former only, which is far less curved than the other, is used in war or in hunting, as "it is impossible to aim accurately with the returning boomerang."

Being obliged to relinquish further researches in this region, Prof. Lumholtz took up his quarters at a deserted cattle station some forty miles from the mouth of the Herbert River in Northern Queensland. It was apparently some two days' journey from the nearest sugar plantation, so that, except for the white keeper of the station, who was not many degrees above his black neighbors in refinement, our traveller was entirely dependent upon the natives for companionship. The country was parcelled into districts called "lands," each of which was inhabited by a tribe of blacks, who rarely went outside the limits of their own land. Accordingly, whenever Prof. Lumholtz wished to hunt in any district, it was absolutely necessary to obtain the help of some of the tribe to which it belonged. This added both to his difficulty and to his peril, as the further he went from the station, the wilder were the blacks. These were divided into the "civilized" and the "myall," or savages, upon whom the former looked with great contempt. To be civilized, however, it is only required that they should "know that they will be killed if they

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murder a white man, to be fond of wearing the garments and ornaments of white people, and to smoke tobacco"—certainly a not very advanced stage of civilization.

Friendly relations having been established with the tribe in whose land the station was, by judicious presents of tobacco, which takes the place of money with them, Prof. Lumholtz immediately began to collect. He soon found traces of what seemed to be two mammals unknown to science, and a keen search was at once instituted for them. It was his intense desire to obtain specimens of these creatures, called by the natives the "yarri" and the "boongary," more than a purpose to study human nature in its most degraded and repulsive form, that led him to endure the privations and dangers of a fourteen months' close companionship with the blacks. His fruitless efforts to obtain either in the mountains near the station, led him further and further afield, until at length he found himself alone among tribes which have never before come in contact with a white man. Although they were treacherous and thoroughly untrustworthy, the only precaution which he took was to regularly fire off at night his revolver ("the baby of the gun," the natives called it), giving the impression to his companions that he never slept. He secured at length one specimen of the yarri, which proved to be a rare, but not unknown, marsupial tiger-cat. As the blacks insisted that it was a small one, the author is "convinced that there exists a large animal of this kind that has not yet been discovered." This specimen, however, was nearly three feet long from the snout to the tip of the tail, apparently much larger than those previously described. Prof. Flower, for instance, speaks of it as the size of a common cat.

With respect to the boongary, Prof. Lumholtz was more fortunate, though his search was much more protracted. He had hunted for it many days in vain when his companions suddenly declared that it could only be got with a dog. This want it was not easy to supply, as the Herbert River blacks have very few dingoes. These as a rule are of pure blood, being rarely bred in captivity; they are found as puppies in the hollow trunks of trees and carefully reared, and not all receive the special training needed to hunt the boongary. When, with the aid of a dingo, a specimen of this animal was finally procured, it turned out to be a tree-kangaroo of a species similar, though more variegated in color, to those inhabiting New Guinea. The skin of the first one captured was unfortunately devoured by one of the camp dingoes, but several others were taken, which Prof. Lumholtz succeeded in carrying safely to his headquarters. His main object being accomplished, he returned to the coast and to civilization.

The North Queensland black is regarded by our author as the lowest of the human race in point of culture. With this assertion we can hardly agree, although very likely none lower have been so carefully observed and fully described. In both Central and South Africa, and, if we are not mistaken, in New Guinea and some of the East Indian islands, to say nothing of Tierra del Fuego, there are tribes distinctly below the Australian savages in intelligence and habits of life. The latter, for example, though living upon the grossest food, almost invariably cook it, never eating raw meat. Fire is made in a few seconds by what Mr. Tylor happily calls the fire-drill—that is, by twirling a stick rapidly between the hands on a soft piece of wood. They ornament their shields with patterns (which "differ in each man's shield, and thus constitute his coat of arms"), and can draw pictures, though only of the crudest kind, yet "still not without symmetry; the left side [of some human figures] was precisely like the right." Their songs are not mere expressionless sounds, but are words set to different tunes, a few of which are "tolerably melodious," though they have a better ear for rhythm than for melody. "It is a remarkable fact that they themselves sometimes do not understand the words which they sing, the song having been learned from a tribe which speaks another dialect. Thus a good song will travel from tribe to tribe." While the vocabulary is small, "their language is rich in words describing phenomena that attract the attention," there being various names, for example, for flame and coals. A rude form of sign language also exists among them. They send information to other tribes "by the aid of figures scratched on a 'message stick' made of wood, about four to seven inches long and one inch wide." The men plait baskets—the women never—which are "wonderfully fine and strong, and are often painted with red, yellow, or white ochre, and sometimes with stripes or dots of human blood, which the maker takes from his own arm." Now, all this implies a condition many removes above that of the lowest of the human race.

The Queensland blacks resemble the Bushmen in many particulars, but, singularly enough, have no knowledge of the bow and arrow, the principal weapon of this African tribe. In fact, they rarely use any weapons when hunting in the scrub, killing their prey by flinging sticks of wood at it. Spears are used in a wallaby hunt, and huge wooden swords and shields in their duels or tournaments, as they might be called. One of these "borbobys," in which the members of different tribes engage, was witnessed by Prof. Lumholtz, who describes it with great vivacity. The men fight in pairs, using a sword so heavy that the combatant is "obliged to let the weapon rest in front on the ground a few moments before the duel begins, when he swings it back and past his head against his opponent. When one of them has made his blow, it is his opponent's turn, and thus they exchange blows until one of them gets tired and gives up, or his shield is cloven, in which case he is regarded as unfit for the fight." In these combats, where "all disputes and legal conflicts were settled, not only between tribes, but also between individuals," bloodshed is rare, though many women change husbands, the victor taking possession at times of his opponent's wives. They know of but one crime (save the murder of a member of the same tribe), viz., theft, and the most common theft is the stealing of women. "Inchastity, which is called *gramma*, *i. e.*, to steal, also falls under the head of theft." As the women largely exceed the men in number, the more powerful or richest of a tribe have several wives, whom they generally treat kindly, and some even generously. They are fond of their children, and have the redeeming trait of being "very kind and sympathetic towards those who are ill." Prof. Lumholtz, however, regards them as very treacherous, and incapable of the sentiment of gratitude. There was but one among them all who showed the slightest signs of attachment to him, notwithstanding his constant efforts to win them by liberal gifts of food and tobacco. At last he felt that there were few who would not have killed him, if they had dared, for a stick of tobacco.

Their tribal organization is very loose, any man leaving his tribe and joining another if he chooses, and without any acknowledged chief or head man. The most influential, according to our author, is often the one who is most skilful in procuring *talgoro*, *i. e.*, human flesh. Although he gives many instances of their cannibalism, yet it is to be noted that he himself apparently never witnessed or came upon any direct traces of a human feast. In regard to the religious conceptions of the natives on Herbert River, Prof. Lumholtz says: "It is my opinion that they do not believe in any supreme good Being, but only in a demon, and it was even difficult for them to give any definite account of this devil. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the natives are very reluctant to give any information in regard to their religious beliefs. They look upon them as secrets not to be divulged to persons not of their own race." Their numbers are rapidly diminishing under the combined influence of opium, introduced by the Chinese, and the almost universal prostitution and consequent barrenness of the women, as soon as they come into contact with the whites.

We have left but little space to speak of the author's contributions to other departments of science. He brought back with him "about seven hundred specimens of birds, a large number of reptiles and batrachians, numerous fishes, also some insects and lower animals." He discovered four new mammals, a tree-kangaroo, and three opossums. In an appendix is given a short account of the flora and fauna of the country. The book is profusely and excellently illustrated, and contains good maps and an index.

DR. GRISANOWSKI.

Dr. E. G. F. Grisanowski: Mittheilungen aus seinem Leben und seinen Briefen. Von Elpis Melena. Hanover: Schmort & Von Seefeld. Pp. 376. 1890.

THIS is a sketch of the life of a very interesting man, who, had he had more ambition, more selfishness, less modesty and reserve, would have had a world-wide reputation. It is written by a warm friend, Mme. Espérance de Schwartz, a lady of German parentage but English citizenship. It consists also of letters written chiefly to herself during a friendship of forty years. Some may perhaps consider that this friendship has colored the author's views and biassed her estimate of the subject of her memoir; but a large circle of friends and acquaintance in Germany, England, and America will bear testimony to their truth.

Ernst Gryzanovski (or Grisanowski, as the name is usually written) was born in Königsberg, in 1824. He was of Polish descent, although his father and grandfather were also Königsbergers, and of course Prussian subjects. He entered the University at Königsberg, and in 1845, before he was twenty-one, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, after an examination in mathematics and Oriental languages. He was also a deep student of the Hegelian philosophy. After leaving the University he went to Berlin, where he was well received by the Minister Von Caunitz; but it was two years before he obtained an appointment. In 1847 he was made attaché to the Prussian Legation in Rome, and there acted as Secretary to the Ambassador Von Usedom. It was here that, in the following summer, he met with M. and Mme. de Schwartz, just returned from a winter in Algeria, to take up their residence in Rome.

Those were stirring times in Italy. The appetite for freedom naturally grew with its food, and reports of popular risings kept the usual influx of strangers at a low ebb. Grisanowski and his friends were on intimate terms with Von Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister, and Geheim-

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rath Alertz, physician to the Prussian Legation. These gentlemen had easy access to Antonelli, and even to Pope Pius himself; and to them at least it was no surprise when, after the assassination of Rossi, his Holiness left Rome on the night of November 24 in the suite of Count Spaur, the Bavarian Minister, wearing the livery of his servants, and fled to Gaeta. The legations all followed, and our Doctor was obliged to take up his residence in Mola di Gaeta, an exile from his beloved Rome. That his situation was not agreeable appears clearly enough from his letters, which partake of the flavor of the lemon-juice with which, for secrecy, some of them were written.

What happened in Rome after the Pope's flight is generally known. Mazzini proclaimed the Republic, and Garibaldi prepared for the defence of the city against the French, Louis Napoleon having undertaken to reinstate Pius IX. He found it more of "a big job" than he had expected. After a few months in Gaeta Grisanowski left for Berlin with despatches. By this time he had become disgusted with diplomacy, its tortuous ways little harmonizing with his direct nature. In the following April he threw up his office, and writes triumphantly from Berlin: "*Italiam! Italiam!* I am free." He found his friends in Sorrento, who had managed, with the help of Kestner and Alertz, to escape from Rome in the night. Kestner joined the party later, and a very agreeable summer was passed in that earthly Paradise. It may be interesting to the lovers of Goethe to know that Kestner, then an old man, was the son of Werther's Lotte, famous for cutting bread and butter.

After a residence of two or three years, partly at Rome, partly at Genzano, supporting himself by teaching mathematics, Grisanowski decided to follow a taste which had always been strong with him, and began the study of medicine. He studied in Pisa, Montpellier, and Heidelberg; and at the last-named university took his degree of M.D., "insigni cum laude," in 1855. He practised his profession at different periods in Florence, Pisa, and Leghorn. His residence at Florence was for him a very agreeable one. He found there a constellation of literary stars, *e. g.*, Savage Landor, the Brownings, Trollopes, Villaris, Mignatys, Miss Cobbe, Donati, Karl Hillebrand, Louis Ehlert, etc. This was a society that could well appreciate him. With Americans, too, he had the pleasantest intercourse, and the Motleys, Storys, Crawfords, Nortons, Lowells will all bear witness to the learned Doctor's various accomplishments. He removed to Pisa on the invitation of the English Consul, the official physician there having died suddenly. In 1865 he married an English lady, Miss Wright of Exeter.

If, as his biographer says, he sought happiness, late in life, in marriage, he certainly found it. Whether he chose wisely in his profession, may be doubted. It was the science that attracted him so powerfully, but he was ill-fitted for the practice. In a shifting public, like the foreign population of an Italian town in winter, it is hard to establish a reputation. It is building a house on a quicksand. Other arts are necessary besides medical skill. Dr. Grisanowski was never so happy as when at his desk. It was during this period that he corresponded with the *Nation*, and also, from 1871 to 1877, wrote many articles for the *North American Review*. These may serve as a monument to his admirable English. Indeed, the editor at that time used to say that Dr. Grisanowski was his best contributor; and it was Mr. Adams's habit not to look at his MS., but wait until he saw the article in the proof-sheets! His subjects show a remarkable variety, *e. g.:* "The Rise of Popular Opinion in Prussia," "Regeneration of Italy," "International Workingmen's Associations," "Schopenhauer's Pessimistic Philosophy," "The Roman Church," "Comtism," "Wagner's Theories of Music." The last title is a reminder that Grisanowski was nothing if not musical. In the present Wagner mania, an extract from a letter, speaking of a visit he made to Bayreuth in 1882, may be of interest:

"Wagner's 'Parsifal' has made a deep and abiding impression on me. Who hears with the ear only will certainly get no satisfaction. Wagner, too, does not pretend to give 'absolute music.' But one gets, as compensation, something of a most peculiar kind, which can be compared to nothing before known. Eye and ear become one sense; and the double sense leads, not only to the emotions, but also to the intellect, on which the scenic representation and the combination of mysticism and philosophy in the poem have the highest claim." "The first act seems to me perfect, in spite of its length. I had not expected that the musical *motifs* would impress themselves so easily upon me. They are not melodies, and yet they can't be forgotten. This kind of art is too original to have a future; and Wagner must be received as a *semel factum*."

There are many who will say amen to this.

After Pisa and another trial of Florence, a seaside residence was found better for Dr. Grisanowski's health, and in 1877 he removed to Leghorn, where he occupied a beautiful villa outside the walls. Before this, President Eliot had offered him the professorship of German in Harvard College, which, however, he felt himself obliged to decline. Thinking little of his practice, he now gave himself up to his favorite studies. While in Florence he had become much interested in efforts made by the humane societies in England and Germany to check the practice of vivisection. It was his biographer, Mme. de Schwartz, who first suggested to him to take up the pen in behalf of suffering animals. The members of these societies soon learned to appreciate its power when animated by his sympathetic nature, and the Sage of Leghorn, as he was called, found little rest. The rule is held a good one by these bodies, "not to urge a willing horse," but they forgot that some consideration was also due to the nobler being. The Doctor's willingness is proved by his works, a review of which, by Pastor Knodt, is appended to the memoir.

In January, 1886, Dr. Grisanowski had a slight stroke of paralysis, which his medical attendants attributed to overwork. It was followed, a few months later, by one more violent. It failed to kill, but he was left with the loss of speech and of the use of his right arm and leg. Fortunately, his wife had the aid and companionship of her two sisters, who hastened from England on receipt of a telegram announcing the first attack; and, indeed, all their assistance was required in the complications that followed. It was necessary to give up the villa they had occupied for eight years; a new dwelling was to be found, the furniture to be moved, and the Doctor himself, though in so low a state that his physician would not take the responsibility of the change. The heroic wife was equal to the emergency. After a long search, she found a suitable house near Lucca, distant some thirty miles; she contracted for the moving of the furniture, and at the last moment asked her husband what he would do. "Go," he said—for he was able to articulate single words. A mattress was spread in an open carriage, and he was laid upon it. The change of air revived him, and, in his new abode, he was able to survive for two years. It is situated in a beautiful country; and, though the house has not the charm of his former villa, there can be no doubt that he enjoyed it as much as one could enjoy anything in the state to which he was reduced. The following summer he was taken to the health establishment of Dr. Krüche, near Munich, but with little profit. During these last two years, who can describe the devotion of his wife, by day and night his constant attendant, from whom alone he would receive help or food! At last his heart was affected to such a degree that breathing became more and more difficult, till, at the end, he lay for a week gasping for breath, occasionally uttering the word *sterben* in a tone that must still ring in the ears of all who heard it. The Italian doctor would willingly have shortened his suffering by morphine, but Grisanowski would not allow it. He died on the 31st of May, 1888, and lies buried in the English cemetery at the Baths of Lucca.

Mme. de Schwartz has done her work well.* It has evidently been with her a labor of love. Some may think she has exaggerated the picture of her friend. Not so.

"The more," she says, "the reader penetrates into the intellectual wealth of his letters, the more difficult it will be to take leave of a man whose modest nature, shrinking like a sensitive plant from the world and its applause, concealed an affluence of ideas, an extent of wisdom, a clearness of perception and expression, such as one seldom has found united. His real worth consists in this, that he knew how to combine all these intellectual endowments by the purity of his life, by his extreme self-abnegation, by his warm sympathy for others, into an harmonious whole which entitles him to a lofty place in the ranks of noble men."

Unfortunately, all these letters are written in German, and a translation of them would fail to represent the spirit of the originals. It would be well if the large circle of English-speaking friends with whom Dr. Grisanowski corresponded would make a collection of their letters, and follow out the work so well begun by Mme. de Schwartz.

As the poetical side of this many-sided man has been least dwelt upon, we would remind our readers of some Latin verses, addressed to W. S. Landor on his birthday, which appeared in a late *Nation* (No. 1271). As they may have escaped notice, perhaps an English version of them will not be unacceptable:

TO LANDOR ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Who taught thee to invoke a foreign Muse?
From whom didst learn to strike the Roman lyre?
Did Sabine nurse perhaps give suck to thee,
Or was it thine to drink from Castaly?
Alas! the ruined temples prostrate lie.
No longer in celestial halls resound
The echoes of the banquets of the gods.
But there, where Homer and where Sappho quaffed,
The gentle murmur of Castalian waves
Is ever heard. Surely Melpomene,
Weeping at sight of ruin such as this,
Forbids the fountain e'er to cease its flow.
Nor can the Goddess brook a vain delay.
After whole ages to the Muse denied,
Landor now claims a cup from Hippocrene.
O fortunate old man (if age can come
After such charms), whose happy lot has been
To live in the enjoyment of these gifts!
Whether thy songs move or to tears or mirth,
Posterity will hail thee gratefully.
Behold, Rome opens wide her gates! Return
The sacred Deities in Cæsar's train!
Vanish the mitred rulers in the realm
Of gloom and sadness! Landor, while thou liv'st,
All love of high Olympus cannot fade;
Nor wilt thou ever, Landor, wholly die.

RECENT NOVELS.

By the Western Sea: a Summer Idyll. By James Baker. Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.

The Spanish Poniard: Being the Story of the Remorse of Ambrose Drybridge. By Thomas R. Pinkerton. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

* The reader will naturally not expect any of the stirring adventures which our lively authoress narrates in her 'Recollections of Garibaldi,' but he must not fail to read the Walfisch story on page 136.

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The Golden Days of '49: A Tale of the California Diggings. By Kirk Munroe. Dodd, Mead & Co.

With Gauge & Swallow, Attorneys. By Albion W. Tourgée. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1889.

Lily Lass. By Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P. D. Appleton & Co. 1890.

Standish of Standish: A Story of the Pilgrims. By Jane G. Austin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Gerald Ffrench's Friends. By George H. Jessop. Longmans, Green & Co.

The Bursting of a Boom. By Frederick R. Sanford. J. B. Lippincott Co.

A Summer in a Cañon: A California Story. By Kate Douglass Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Tentée. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern. 1890.

'By the Western Sea' is essentially a book for artists. Its plot, incidents, and characters cannot be appreciated except by that marked caste the chief business of whose life it is to look for beauty in nature or man, and immediately think if said beauty can be represented in words, colors, clay, musical notes, or whichever artistic medium comes most naturally to the individual. Almost every one of the art discussions of to-day is touched, incidentally to the idyll—an idyll, by the way, which towards the end gets quite beyond the Theocritean or Tennysonian idyll, and dangerously near the romances of chivalry. But there is a large class not wholly composed of stupid Philistines, and yet not always looking out for beauty or considering how objects "compose." To this class, no less than to artists, the central theme of the story will be touching if not very new; the characters, principal and subordinate, real, breathing men and women, and the knot of events generally well unwound. But it would be a relief to have half the descriptions of scenery bodily cut out; to follow the hero and heroine, their friends and enemies, without eternally having to stop and observe a "bit"; and besides the mischievous boy, who happily is without the slightest feeling for art, to find some prominent character who dares to entertain an emotion, opinion, or passion which has not been awakened through the eyes searching for beauty—in short, to have the minds, hearts, and souls sometimes put into a night express train so as to carry on the story without the possibility of seeing a subject.

'The Spanish Poniard' is a very careful and meritorious, but not very profound or successful, attempt to portray the lives of a number of quiet people living in the town of Warwick in the days of Charles I. They hear very little of all the exciting events of the reign, and yet from time to time are swept into the whirlwind of violent preaching and other resistless forces which were waking up all the great centres of England to an implacable contest. In the intervals of these general furies, the little knot of persons whose life the book tells are kept in excitement by the mystery, not very obscure, of a blind scholar and writer, a drowned Spanish woman, and the Spanish poniard of the title, which is always turning up to make things lively and painful, as if it were the magic sword of one of Ariosto's champions. Only at the very end are the characters swept into the full tide of civil war; and the siege of Warwick and battle of Edgehill are well described. The book is not exactly bad, but the author has laid out a scheme too heavy for him, and the result is tame.

An honest story, somewhat in the old Mayne Reid style, is Kirk Munroe's 'Golden Days of '49,' telling in straightforward English the regular difficulties, failures, and successes, which every one knows by heart now, that attended the "Forty-niners." It reads much like a boy's book, and very much indeed like an old book, revived and vamped up in the hope of its passing as new. The last paragraph, separated by stars from the rest of the book, and wholly unnecessary for the story, begins, "Forty years have passed." But this seems to have been written on. There is not one word in the rest of the book that need have been written since 1850; not one allusion to the development of the country, or to any event or man made prominent since that year. The volume has a gorgeous red, black, white, gold, and buff binding, and is illustrated in the highest form of the "Scotch-mist" style—pictures that do not let you see exactly any man or thing, but merely gauge the different "values" of fog.

Judge Tourgée, in his preface to 'With Gauge & Swallow,' exalts the power of a lawyer in a strain of eloquence that is really too lofty to be quoted, and reads like an address before some very Western law school. He passes on to the commonplace that the lawyers are more likely to become acquainted with the extraordinary incidents of human life than any other profession, and continues with the important remark that neither laymen nor lawyers have succeeded in incorporating such incidents skilfully into a novel—the layman sinning from ignorance, and the lawyer from over-technicality. Hence the popularity of tales where some miracle is made to take place by the complete overthrow of bench, bar, and court officers, and in the teeth of all rules of law. His idea is, that lawyers show their real powers by the skilful handling of what seem to be unmanageable facts; bringing, in fact, the extraordinary and troublesome into the sphere of the ordinary and easy, and enabling not merely law, but ordinary human life, to flow its own peaceful course without having constantly to fight with stumps and rocks. He offers us, then, a series of tales (most if not all of which have appeared separately, but are here arranged to form a continuous romance) as told by a clerk in an eminent law firm which has successively to seize and tame these wild animals that infest our life.

There is a good deal of sense in this preface, but the plan is strangely carried out. True, the case in every story comes into the hands of Gauge & Swallow; but sometimes their dealing with it is a minimum; sometimes the whole arrangements of their office are upset to investigate a strange case, so that the supposed narrator tells us that the ordinary run of a New York office was upset about once a month for some queer case; sometimes the partners or their assistants are turned into detectives. Again, the profound rule of law which is made to control the exciting case is slipped in at the end of a story, and in short the whole book is a mass of wild, sensational magazine tales pure and simple, with just enough law (right, no doubt) thrown in to be evidence, two centuries after the author's death, that a certain romance-writer named Tourgée was probably an attorney's clerk, if not, indeed, an actual practitioner.

The little story called 'Lily Lass' is written in direct defiance of all realistic theories, old and new. It has heroes and heroines of strange and rare beauty, doubly crossed in love, inaccessible castles, secret passages, set fights and sudden brawls, with a very interesting chorus in the person of an elderly Oriental scholar, who surveys nearly all that goes on in this stormy season with curious impartiality. The tone of the whole is certainly inflated, yet the English is very good—not always improved by American proof-reading—and the story runs easily and entertainingly. But—and the "but" is a large one—the aim of the novel is avowedly partisan. The scene is laid in Ireland during the last dropping shots of the uprising of 1848. It is obvious that Mr. McCarthy the younger wrote this book with the expectation and desire of arousing people's strongest feelings as to the rights and wrongs of that contest. His two heroes are both devoted followers of John Mitchell and Smith O'Brien. Few persons in the United States under forty years old have troubled themselves to read the contemporary record of the events in Ireland in 1848; and such opinions as they have are formed mostly at second or third hand. But among those who are older, and have read those records, there are three irreconcilable views of the leaders of the uprising; and none knows this better than Mr. McCarthy. To one party they are exiled heroes; to another, vile traitors, who got off far too easy; to the third, they are hot-heads, in all whose proceedings there is an unquenchable vein of the ludicrous. The first party will read 'Lily Lass' as a noble tribute to the martyrs; the second, as an unprincipled defence of the traitors. The third will inevitably be reminded much less of Ivanhoe than of Rebecca and Rowena.

In a prefatory note to 'Standish of Standish,' Mrs. Austin promises that the tale shall not mislead as to the stern facts of those far-away years when the Plymouth colony was establishing itself in the midst of countless perils—albeit much of the romance woven around them is her own. And, in fact, if nothing else be gained from this book, at least a clearer light is thrown on all the persons and incidents of the time depicted. The delineation of Standish himself is everywhere strong and impressive, particularly in the first description of his outward appearance, and in the tender farewell scene with Rose, his wife. Gov. Carver, too, is drawn with a sure and loving touch. Priscilla Molines, with her coquettish love of fun, and John Alden, "the scholar," are, especially in the well-known love scene, very daintily treated. Although the story can boast no plot and no tantalizing social complications, it is wholesome and effective.

Six stories, or more properly sketches, are covered by the title 'Gerald Ffrench's Friends.' All of the incidents are "based on fact, and several of them are mere transcripts from actual life, with no more material alteration than seemed necessary to throw the veil of fiction over the identity of the characters." Mr. Ffrench, himself an Irishman of gentle birth, goes into journalism on the Pacific Coast, remaining five years. During this time it is his fortune to meet many countrymen in a more or less intimate way. The sketches describe a few characteristic specimens of the native Celt, as yet unmixed in blood, but modified, of course, by the new surroundings; and all of the six are unusually successful and entertaining. The opening one, "The Rise and Fall of the '*Irish Aigle*,'" is the most, indeed the only, purely humorous one; the others are all rather sad. The most sensational is "Queen of the Angels"; but perhaps the strongest is the last, "Under the Redwood Tree," in which the big lumberman is described in a few bold and telling phrases, while his devotion to his little boy, and the child's death, are powerfully portrayed.

It has been said that opening situations are half the battle in writing a book, just as a brilliant first sentence may be in a short article, or a happy title for anything. The situa-

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tion in which the hero and heroine of 'The Bursting of a Boom' find themselves at the start is certainly sufficiently striking. The young man discovers that in his journey from Los Angeles to Ventura he has exchanged trunks with some young woman bearing the same initials as his own. The trunks having precisely the same locks and outward appearance, he does not become aware of the mistake until he has opened the trunk in the seclusion of his own room. A tempest of emotions takes possession of his soul as he sees the pretty dresses and bonnets within, and the dainty lace and linen, while he imagines with horror the consternation of the lady—young, of course—when she gazes upon the coats and shirts and shaving-brushes promiscuously tumbled into his own box. Beyond this rather piquant opening the book has nothing noteworthy. Of course, he finds the girl; of course, he duly falls in love and marries her. The history of a Western land "boom," in which this young man gains some sad experience, is interspersed with more or less description of California scenery and manners. The language is far from elegant, often incorrect, while shall and will, should and would, are continually interchanged in the bad fashion of to-day.

'A Summer in a Cañon' is a bright and taking little story, which does not have to be labelled "for young people." It is unmistakably theirs. The fun is infectious, and many of the situations and speeches are irresistibly comical. The bane of American youth, however, is slang, and this otherwise healthful tale does not wholly escape it. Dr. and Mrs. Winship undertake the charge of a dozen or more persons during a camping expedition on a large scale. For three months the happy party live in tents in Las Flores Cañon, under the spreading oaks and sycamores, hung with mistletoe and gray Spanish moss, which temper the perpetual sunshine of a California summer. Evidently the descriptions of the region were written *con amore*—even at the beginning occurs an almost eloquent passage expressive of the early-morning beauty of the day upon which the expedition sets forth. Some entertaining information about the old-style *rodeo*, and the early California days, is given picturesquely "round the campfire."

Mme. Thérèse Blanc, who writes under the name of "Th. Bentzon," has long been a steady contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. She might almost be called the foreign editor of it, if one considers the amount of work she has done in the way of translating and condensing American novels and criticising the authors of them. She is herself the author of sundry novels and tales, one of which Mr. Andrew Lang found worthy to be included in a recent volume of translations. The book that we have in hand is made up of two stories, of which the longer gives its title to the volume. 'La Tentée' is Mrs. James Nevil, the Parisian widow of an Englishman, who makes speedy use of her freedom to leave the land of fogs and chill decorum and go back to the city of her heart. She finds her old school friend married to a literary man of the modern sort—Parnassian, *décadent*, impressionist, Heaven knows what—whom his wife loves, but, as is usual in such stories, does not understand. After the usual fashion, also, Mrs. Nevil sets out at once to make her friend's home happy by flirting violently with the superior husband. This connection, however, stops at about one millimetre this side its natural ending, and the heroine returns to England to marry Lord Melton, and several castles, and countless acres, and a great deal of money in the Bank. The book might quite as well have been called "Tenté." It is of no great value; the English characters being wooden and dead, and the French ones not alive. "Faëlle," the second and shorter story, has rather more merit. It is a tale of the disordered and precocious love of an Italian model of twelve years old for an English walking-stick of a painter, and of her self-sought death. It is not a story to be praised without stint, but there are touches in it of feeling and observation.

Essays on Government. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

THIS little book has an importance that is inversely as its size. It is a duodecimo of scarce 200 pages, but it contains more wisdom than is to be found in many elaborate and voluminous treatises. In fact, we do not know that any writer except Mr. Lowell has clearly distinguished the vital and essential principle of our form of government, and certainly none has stated it so forcibly. It is probably the case that some of our political thinkers, as is indicated here in the essay on "Cabinet Responsibility," were carried off their balance by Mr. Bagehot's comparison of parliamentary with Presidential government. His persuasive power is such that it is always difficult not to be led by him; and when he maintained that parliamentary government was the more efficient it was impossible not to be convinced. Mr. Lowell does not possess the style of Bagehot, nor does he display that incomparable imaginative power which enables such writers as Bagehot and Maine to divine the constitutions of early societies. This brilliant and captivating gift, however, has its corresponding defects. It sometimes misleads the possessor; it sometimes dazzles the beholders; and neither of these remarkable men was an altogether safe guide. In the breadth of his view of the general nature of government, in the solidity of his reasoning, and in the soberness of his judgment, Mr. Lowell will take rank among the first. In the essay above referred to, he points out, in the first place, that whatever the respective merits of the two forms of government, it is impossible to combine them—that a responsible ministry involves the fusion of the legislative and executive functions: and in the second place, that efficiency is by no means the only thing to be thought of in government.

This latter truth is more fully developed in the essay entitled "Democracy and the Constitution." It is almost hopeless to attempt to condense so concise an argument as is here presented, but we may briefly state its leading features. For the development of individual character and enterprise it is necessary that there should be freedom of activity, secure enjoyment of the fruits of labor, and a possibility of calculating the future from the past. These conditions can only be realized under a government of laws and not of men. They cannot be realized where absolute power is vested in any man or body of men, even if this body be the majority of the people. Hence the wisdom of "checks and balances," hence the written Constitutions and Bills of Rights of America. The Constitution of the United States owes its distinction to the ingenuity and success with which limitations upon arbitrary power were devised and applied. It was a deliberate attempt to restrain the power of the majority, and especially to prevent legislative tyranny. Although the Supreme Court has in recent years practically destroyed these safeguards by the Legal-Tender decisions, yet the fact that they endured for the greater part of a century has developed a conservative spirit in our democracy that may for a long time repress the manifestations of arbitrary power.

In illustration of Mr. Lowell's development of this idea, we quote a passage from his description of the process or art of framing a limited government. This art, he observes, consists not only in fostering the habit of self-control, but even more in making that self-control as little irksome as possible. He proceeds:

"Now, there are three devices which are capable of promoting this result: (1) an arrangement such that no organized political body can feel that the laws depend solely upon its own will—can feel, in other words, that it has power to do whatever it pleases; (2) the creation of several independent political bodies, each of which is restrained by the presence of the others; and (3) a process by which every possessor of political power can be made amenable to some final authority which will prevent him from overstepping the bounds prescribed for his action."

The first device means that in a democracy the mass of the people must not be an organized body, and that there must exist no single body of representatives which has absolute authority to express the popular will. The second device means that in the United States power is divided between the Federal and the State Governments, and in each of these is distributed among several representative bodies, deriving their authority from independent sources. The third device is, in short, the regulative control exercised by our courts over our legislatures. This bald statement of Mr. Lowell's argument deprives it of all appearance of originality; but those who follow it out in detail will find, in place of the vague generalities which constitutionalists are prone to indulge in, a lucid, systematic, and singularly compact theory of the Constitution. It is all contained in the sixty pages of the chapter entitled "Democracy and the Constitution."

The essay upon "The Responsibility of American Lawyers," although intrinsically meritorious, is, compared with the rest of the book, rather slight in substance. That upon the theory of the social compact is an historical summary which well deserves to be expanded into a separate treatise. The final chapter, upon "The Limits of Sovereignty," is a trenchant (although not in our opinion altogether unanswerable) criticism of Austin's well-known theory. Of this, too, it may be said that its value would be increased if it were expanded into a volume. It is a grave responsibility, in this age of diffuse writing and innumerable books, to suggest addition and multiplication to any author, but Mr. Lowell has displayed such unmistakable evidences of rare talent in the line of his choice, that a different rule applies in his case. As it is, he has rendered a great and to his own country a patriotic service in his exposition of the true character of the relation between the American Constitution and the American society. Those persons who find themselves disposed to yield to the allurements of modern socialism, although perhaps not intellectually so constituted as fully to appreciate this book, may yet understand from it how it is that clear-headed men look upon the hopes of the socialists as vain, and oppose all tendencies in that direction with unalterable sternness.

Marie Bashkirtseff: The Journal of a Young Artist. 1860–1884. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. Cassell & Co.

THIS much-talked-of diary of a young Russian artist of noble birth, in which she has deliberately exposed her private life as directly and intimately as was in her power, in order to win

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what she knew as "fame" after death, is certainly a remarkable book, and its present vogue is not wonderful; it falls in with the appetite of the time for "revelations," and it is highly spiced with sensation. It is very sure, however, that these confessions exhibit to our eyes a very different person from the Marie Bashkirtseff that its author supposed herself to be unveiling. Even to a greater degree than most autobiography, the volume tells more than was meant. It would have been scandalous in another to draw such a picture of this romantic and ungoverned young woman; and it is ungallant at least to analyze and sum up her career and nature from the material she has furnished by admitting all men into the penetralia of her life. Indeed, there is fortunately no occasion to enter upon such a discussion, since her achievement in life was of no real importance, and curiosity regarding her concerns only her individuality, which those who wish will seek for in her own writing. They will do best, it must be said, to seek in the original French, as the present translation is not an excellent one, and falls far below the diarist's own words in vigor, directness, and charm.

It may not be amiss, however, to remark upon the extremely foreign character of her temperament, which happily has but slight analogy with anything in our own intellectual life. She was a "fair barbarian." Though the words may sound harsh, they are accurately descriptive. She was personally attractive, and was besides endowed with a great deal of talent. She was also feverishly ambitious—in the narrowest and lowest sense—not to live nobly, but to live on the lips of men. She was not sparing of industry, and she made an imperious will serve her purpose; she devoted herself to the means of excellence, and accomplished something by her effort. In fact, she died, or at least hastened death, by her wilful persistence in work, where alone she could work, in Paris. She was a varied linguist, and read the masters, but one does not observe in her diary any thinking or any regard for ideas, except in a few pages upon her own subject, art. Of intellectual life, properly speaking, one does not see the traces. Yet, notwithstanding this interest in the things of civilization, she remained a "barbarian." Her contact with them was mainly external.

One realizes this in two ways. In the first place, there were in her nature itself elements which are known to us principally from the Middle Ages. Her religion is not intelligible except by this gloss. She was superstitious, and the forms of her superstition were those of what to us is a long-past age. She intimates that the miracle of her cure at a Russian shrine, which failed to be wrought, might have come about if she had firmly believed in the power of relics. As it was, she resents the fact that she got more cold in the vaults. She gives in charity, and hopes fervently that she will get something back for her money. She is angry with God, like a child, and says she would call him unjust but for the fear of suffering worse things from him in consequence. She prays as to an idol, and with the materialism of a pagan peasant. The whole state of her mind upon religious matters, though confused by knowledge of modern ideas, is a survival from the thirteenth century, and has more affinity with material than with spiritual religion; in a true sense, it is that of the "barbarian." Secondly, there is no moral element in her conception of how life is to be led—none of that sense of responsibility, of that unselfish devotion to noble ends for their own sake, of that ideal of virtue in which the individual disappears by becoming one with the will of heaven, which belong to the modern and civilized mind and heart. This deficiency of the moral idea is the explanation of much in her book which seems abnormal. The traits which divided this brilliant and eager Russian nature from the Paris of which she seemed a part were fundamental; the separation they effected was a great gulf, unknown even to herself.

There is, however, a pervading quality, a femineity rather than womanliness, which lends attraction to her pages. To mention but one phase of it, her frequently expressed delight in the beauty of her person has a simplicity hardly to be rivalled in the books of women. Again, her confessions of her waywardness, of her treatment of her family and her opinions of them, and the repeated acknowledgment of her "second thoughts" in her actions, of her absorption in "the effect," of her consciousness of the lurking question, "What will the reader think of this?" belong to the same side of her nature; and her frankly expressed jealousy of her rival, her bitter words and ignoble thoughts, read more like some character in a play than like the voice of a living woman to a public. The verisimilitude of such passages gains from the liveliness and directness of her style. And here one should speak of her conversations with her lovers, of her confessions about love, of the candidates for her hand, and all that part of the narrative, but we omit reflection upon these. She was romantic, and the treatment of passion and of love by such a one without any discrimination in speech, however innocent and modest in her simple garrulity, can be parried only by the reader's delicacy in silence. She was a brilliant woman, evidently adapted to shine in society and to enchain admiration, convinced of her power and not unwilling to use it, often in a cold way. But she was not content with this natural supremacy, and sought for power of a different sort—the supremacy of genius through its works; she strained after it with all her force, and she gave her life—unnecessarily and imprudently, it is true, but she gave it—with the hope of obtaining personal distinction. One admires much in her; but, after allowing for the alien element in her temperament, there is no inconsiderable part of her confessions about which one keeps silent.

Annales de Domingo Francisco de San Anton Muñon Chimalpahin Quauhtlehuanitzin. Sixième et septième relations. Publiées et traduites sur le manuscrit original par R. Siméon. Paris: Maisonneuve. 1889. 8vo.

Of Mexican and Aztec history a goodly number of volumes have come down to our age, but much of it is contradictory, and what little we think to be true is likely to become modified in many points by the recent publication of Chimalpahin's 'Relations.' Nobody will deny that the history of the Mexicans, like that of all other ancient nations, contains elements of uncertainty on account of the imperfect art of writing, of a deficient chronology (for the early periods), and of the miraculous and legendary element in historiography. From these defects Chimalpahin is more free than his predecessors and contemporaries. He descended from the family of the local chiefs of Amacameca-Chalco, and was born in 1579. Notwithstanding his Indian origin, he made a careful study of all the branches of knowledge then taught in Mexico by the Spanish conquerors, combining with these the history and topography of his own country. The antiquarian Boturini succeeded in obtaining for his collection a part of his manuscripts, and a portion of these finally came into Mr. Aubin's possession. Of these the most important part, extending in time from 1258 to 1612, has just been published, Aztec text and French literal translation standing opposite, by Mr. Rémi Siméon.

What disposes us from the start to think favorably of this work is the fact that it was composed in the native language and by an educated man of the Indian race. His style is neither rhetorical nor diffuse, like that of many contemporaneous Spanish Mexicans, but concise and entirely matter-of-fact. There are two ancient reports in existence concerning the mode by which Montezuma met his death; Chimalpahin agrees with Sahagun in giving the more credible account of this occurrence by stating distinctly that the Spanish invaders strangled him and fled during the night; that they also strangled the ruler of Tezcuco and that of Tlatilulco. Chimalpahin's statement concerning the immigration of the Nahua into Culiacan is more simple than that of other writers: the immigrants, whom he calls Teochichimeca, came in the year 50 of our era from an island of the ocean into Teocolhuacan-Aztlan, a place called by him also Aztlan-Chicomoztoc. Other historians, who found the same names in the annals, made two or three different places of them, and, although our writer says nothing about the position of that island, it seems almost illogical to seek the old home of these immigrating Nahua elsewhere than upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean and in districts other than those where dialects of Nahuatl were spoken in Montezuma's time. Concerning the Mexican modes of warfare, Chimalpahin drops a very interesting remark. He states that sometimes the brunt of the battle bore chiefly upon the leaders and the nobility, while the common warrior was spared; such wars were called wars of the dung-people—tlaçolyaoyotl. But when the warriors alone had to fight and suffer, the men of distinction having "made themselves scarce," such a war was called a flower-war, or xochiyaoyotl.

The date of the Mexican arrival at the lagoon is stated by Chimalpahin to have been the year 1325, and this Mr. Siméon considers to be the correct date. He differs from other writers in the number of years assigned to the reigns of three rulers, Acamapitchtli, his son, Huitzilihuitl, and Quaquauhpitzahuac; and as the differences are considerable, historical criticism will have to consider the matter. The carefulness of the author in registering the exact date of eclipses will perhaps help in clearing up doubtful points in chronology. The profusion of details accompanying certain events testifies to the assiduity which the Mexican scribes used in composing their annals, which afterwards became the originals of Chimalpahin's work. It appears from several passages that some Mexican towns, if not all, had extensive annals of their own.

Of the eight "relaciones" which Chimalpahin composed, the learned editor has selected for publication two only, the sixth and the seventh, for these are much more helpful than all the rest for the study of Mexican history. The appendix joined to the text and its translation contains all the proper names, personal and local, occurring in the text, and to the majority of them the etymology is added.

Fanny Burney and her Friends. Select Passages from her Diary and Other Writings. Edited by L. B. Seeley. With nine illustrations after Reynolds, Gainsborough, Copley, and West. Scribner & Welford.

The vivacious pen of Miss Burney gives excel-

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lent material for a volume of this sort, which paints her life among literary and royal persons with as much regard for her surroundings as for her own individuality. The opening scenes, among her father's musical parties and the solitude of his country retreat, are most pleasant; and as soon as 'Evelina' appears, the figures of society add a new interest, and in particular the entrance of Johnson and Burke among her admirers is important, both of these great characters being admirably drawn. The life at court, on the other hand, is melancholy reading, notwithstanding the near view it permits of royalty in its domestic life; one realizes the misery of the situation (and none of it is spared in the telling) too keenly to take interest in the senseless ceremonial routine; and the most vivid sketch of all—that of the King escaping from his keepers and walking and conversing with Miss Burney—is a painful exhibition of a weak and infirm old man. The resignation of her office by Miss Burney comes as a happy relief to all this, though there remained trials enough for her in her wedded life. Readers of the diary will understand how brilliant the page is on which only Miss Burney's most lively and direct passages occur, and may well be tempted to renew acquaintance with her life by such admirable editing as Mr. Seeley has done. The portraits which interleave the pages are excellent reproductions of excellent paintings, and add value; but the attractiveness of the text is due to the extraordinary reality of Miss Burney's writing, her observation of details that are most significant, and, not in a small degree, to the simplicity and modesty of her own character. The book is a delightful résumé of one of the best memoirs of the century.

Some Eminent Women of Our Times. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. Macmillan & Co. Pp. 231.

MRS. FAWCETT has done a good thing for her sex—that is to say, a good thing for humanity in general—by recounting the stories of twenty-four women who have had a marked effect, in one way or another, upon the time in which they lived. The accounts are brief and straightforward and simple—they were written for the *Mothers' Companion*, and addressed chiefly to working-women and to young people—but the remarkable character of their contents is all the more striking on that account. In nearly every case, from Dorothy Pattison, who was obliged to leave home in face of her father's opposition and to work hard for three years as village schoolmistress, living without a servant and polishing her own grate, before becoming Sister Dora, to Mrs. Somerville, whose mother thought that all a woman needed to know was to write well and to keep accounts, these women who have accomplished important work have done it in the face of active resistance, as well as chill repression, on the part of all their relatives and friends. The loss which has accrued to the world from the fact that many other women have failed to carry out worthy undertakings because they lacked the supreme courage necessary to unsex themselves in the eyes of all whom they loved, cannot easily be estimated.

Sydney Smith, writing in 1810 upon the extraordinary folly of closing to women all the ordinary means of literary education, remarked, as Mrs. Fawcett reminds us, that one consequence of their exclusion was that no woman had contributed anything of lasting value to literature. Sydney Smith had a logical mind; the juxtaposition which the common man usually gives to two such facts is this: Women have never accomplished anything in literature, therefore they must be excluded from all means of literary education. As far as literature is concerned, the battle has now been fought and won: women have, in the first place, entered the field of literary production and taken full possession of it, and they have, in the non-natural order, *afterwards* gained entrance into the great strongholds of literary instruction. As regards the active bettering of the world's condition through agitation and other practical means of reform, they have already made a brilliant record. Elizabeth Fry in prison-life, Elizabeth Gilbert in the condition of the blind, Florence Nightingale in nursing, the abolitionists, the advocates of a better life for women—these have had a marked effect upon the stream of events. But the great nursery of heroic and self-sacrificing action—a family life and a social life in which self-indulgent frivolity is the thing that is frowned down upon instead of a love of action—is a thing yet to be created.

The world changes rapidly: Hannah More devoted the second half of her life to the service of the poor, but she allowed no writing among her protégées, because writing was unfitted to their station. Such a book as this of Mrs. Fawcett's, if it could be put into every family in the country, would have a tremendous effect in making a life of activity and value seem to be an easy and a natural thing to all spirited young girls.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Beale, Rev. D. J. Through the Johnstown Flood. Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros. $2.
General Digest of the Decisions of the Principal Courts in the United States, for the year ending September, 1889. (Vol. IV. of the annual series.) Rochester: Lawyers' Coöperative Pub. Co. $6.
Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften. Parts 4, 5. Jena: Gustav Fischer.
Lawson, J. D. Rights, Remedies and Practice, at Law, in Equity, and under the Codes. San Francisco: Bancroft-Whitney Co. $6.
Nicoll, W. R. James Macdonell, Journalist. London: Hodder & Stoughton.
Paul, Prof. H. Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie. Vol. I., Part 3; Vol. II., Parts 1, 2. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner.
Smith, Prof. W. R. Lectures on the Religion of the Semites. D. Appleton & Co. $4.
Thackeray, S. W. The Land and the Community. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
The Scotch-Irish in America: Proceedings of the Congress at Columbia, Tenn., May 8–11, 1889. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. $3.50.
The Year's Bright Chain. Quotations from the Writings of Frances E. Willard. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 50 cents.
Tilton, S. W. The First Book in Color. Boston: S. W. Tilton.
Tourgée, A. W. With Gauge and Swallow, Attorneys. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Tucker, Prof. T. G. The 'Supplices' of Æschylus. Macmillan & Co. $2.60.
Tuttle, C. W. Capt Francis Champernowne, and Other Historical Papers. Boston: Damrell & Upham. $4.
Twain, Mark. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Chas. L. Webster & Co.
Wood, Prof. A. Lessons in the Structure, Life and Growth of Plants. Revised ed. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.

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CATALOGUES ISSUED of Books in good condition. Books purchased. E. W. JOHNSON, 1336 Broadway.

40TH ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
ÆTNA
Life Insurance Company
OF
HARTFORD, CONN.,
JANUARY 1, 1890.

Premium receipts in 1889.....	$3,739,410 82
Interest receipts in 1889.....	1,781,556 02
Total receipts during the year....	5,520,966 84
Disbursements to Policy-holders, and for expenses, taxes, etc...	4,605,230 50
Assets, January 1, 1890.....	34,805,819 00
Total Liabilities.....	29,060,727 42
Surplus by Ct., Mass., and N. Y. standard.....	5,745,091 58
Surplus by many States	7,450,000 00
Policies in force January 1, 1890, 70,985, insuring.....	110,669,718 94
Policies issued in 1889, 9,873, insuring.....	20,190,098 00

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